

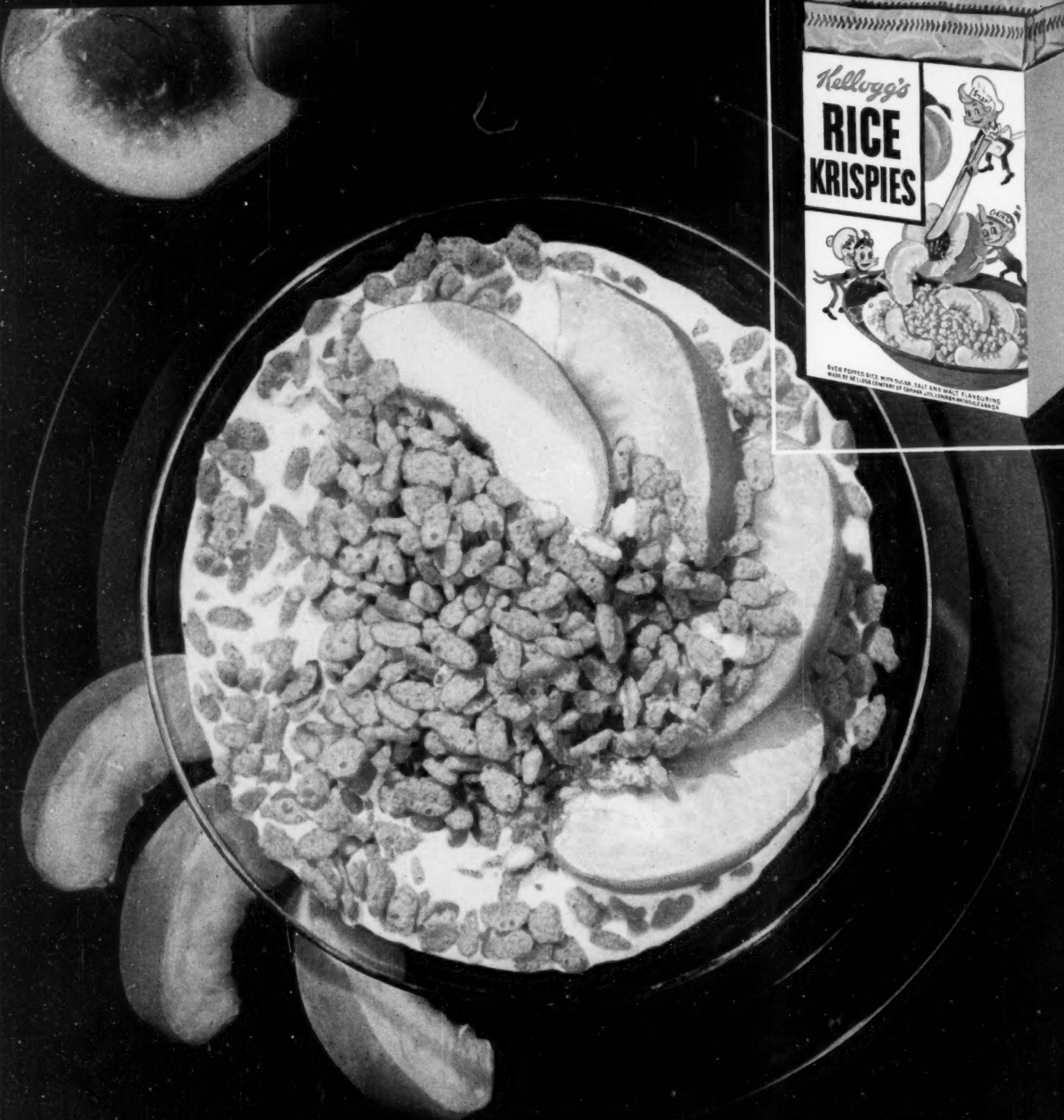
A NATIONAL SURVEY
What Will the Seaway
Do To Your Town?

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN
SAYS
Children are Monsters

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

SHE WAS A WISE ONE, MY MOTHER. She'd never say boo to Dad in the morning, until Kellogg's Rice Krispies told him off when he poured on milk or cream. Dad's growl always changed to a grin as these scamps chattered up at him. "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" they'd scold. "Laugh! Chuckle! Laugh!" he'd answer. Then Mother would let us all talk. Breakfast is always fun with Kellogg's Rice Krispies -- the talking cereal that tells you how crisp it is. Hear some tomorrow!



EDITORIAL

U.S. Foreign Policy Comes Through the Smoke Screen

UNITY OF the free world would be easier to maintain if we heard more of United States foreign policy as it actually is, and less of what its self-appointed interpreters say it is.

To read the more strident defenders of the Eisenhower regime you'd think, for example, that Washington regarded India as an enemy. They seldom mention Prime Minister Nehru without a sneer. They treat any organization of which India is a member, including the Commonwealth, as more than faintly suspect. One of them criticized L. B. Pearson, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, for suggesting that a South-East Asia pact should include the countries of South-East Asia.

It's illuminating, therefore, to read a recent interview with George V. Allen. Allen is United States Ambassador to India. Unlike his predecessor Chester Bowles, he has no special interest in India more than in other friendly nations, but he is one of the ablest career men in the U. S. Foreign Service, with a brilliant record in Iran, Yugoslavia and Washington.

American policy in India, as explained by the man who is carrying it out, sounds very different from the version presented each week by Republican publications.

Allen explained, for instance, that India is receiving \$104 millions in U. S. economic aid this year, about four times as much as Pakistan which has only about a quarter as many people. The questioner remarked that "we're dealing with a friendly country (Pakistan) on the same basis as with another only partially friendly."

"That brings up the question whether freedom accepts diversity," Allen replied. And, quoting Secretary of State Dulles to back up his words, he went on: "We don't require that everyone who is friendly with us or who is going to get our assistance must answer like a puppet when we pull the string."

After explaining that Nehru's great strength as an anti-Communist leader lies in the very fact that he is an independent Indian nationalist, while the Communists obey a foreign power, Allen was asked for his opinion of U. S. policy in India. Was his country following a wise course?

"Yes, I think so. Our posture is one of continued dignity and friendship, in spite of the fact that we differ on many questions of foreign policy. We believe we can differ and still remain friendly. In fact, we believe that differences in foreign policy, not only between the U. S. and India but among all friendly powers, add to the strength of democracy, because a divergence of views addressed to any problem is beneficial. No country has all the wisdom. If we insisted on a fixed pattern in the free world, we'd be no better off than they are behind the Iron Curtain."

This is the kind of inspired common sense that makes the Western allies happy to follow American leadership. It's a pity that such an enlightened policy is obscured and distorted by those who claim to be its most dedicated partisans.

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Cover painting by James Hill

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Why be a "pain in the neck"
...when you can be a
"prize package?"



You may have good looks and nice clothes but if you are guilty of halitosis (bad breath) you're a pain in the neck just the same. Why be one when it's just as easy to be a prize package? Listerine, you know, stops those humiliating bad-breath worries.

Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria. Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath)

instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end.

No matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Limited Toronto, Ontario.



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**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
FOR HOURS**

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



A Punch Below the Belt

YOU WILL agree with me that "Muggeridge" is a name straight out of Dickens. It has a smug sound as if its owner was trying to assume a superior status in provincial society. It also has a materialistic sound as if the man in question might be a severe employer. Let me tell you about one of the most-discussed men in London who bears this name, although none of its attributes.

I refer to Malcolm Muggeridge, the two-year-old editor of *Punch*. Actually he is not an infant phenomenon. The two years refer to his term of editorship.

Up to a few months ago I had never met him but greatly admired his occasional articles in the *London Daily Telegraph*. There was strength and there was even a touch of audacity in his writing which seemed out of place in that austere journal. But it was not a matter of wide public interest when he resigned from the *Telegraph*. In journalism people constantly come out from that same door through which they went.

I took *Punch* for many years, partly because it was a habit, partly because it was gently amusing, and partly because I could not be bothered canceling my subscription. Finally it became so mild that I gave it up. Then one day in the House of Commons' library I read it again and realized that something had happened.

In addition to humor there was satire. Even the little figure of Mr. *Punch* on the cover had a new baleful look in his eye. Each week the change became more evident. Gone was the gentleness of other days, and gone was the gentility. Here was something that threatened to become more barbed than the *New Yorker*.

To satisfy my curiosity I made enquiries and found that there had been a change of editorship. The new editor, they said, was Malcolm Muggeridge.

With some knowledge of what it is like to sit in the editor's chair trying to please the proprietor, trying to inspire your staff, and above all, trying to gauge the mood of that massive indifferent giant known as the public, I called up *Punch* offices and asked to be put through to Mr. Muggeridge.

When he came on the line (my Winnipeg readers must excuse me when I state that he had heard of me before) I said, "Forgive me bothering you personally. I should have telephoned your circulation department but I want to take out a year's subscription because of what you are doing with the old weekly."

Any editor in the world, even the editor of *Maclean's*, would be pleased and encouraged by such a message. And it was my intention to encourage him.

"This is the nicest thing that could have happened," said Muggeridge generously. And that was that.

Continued on page 50

These biting cartoons from *Punch* made Baxter see red

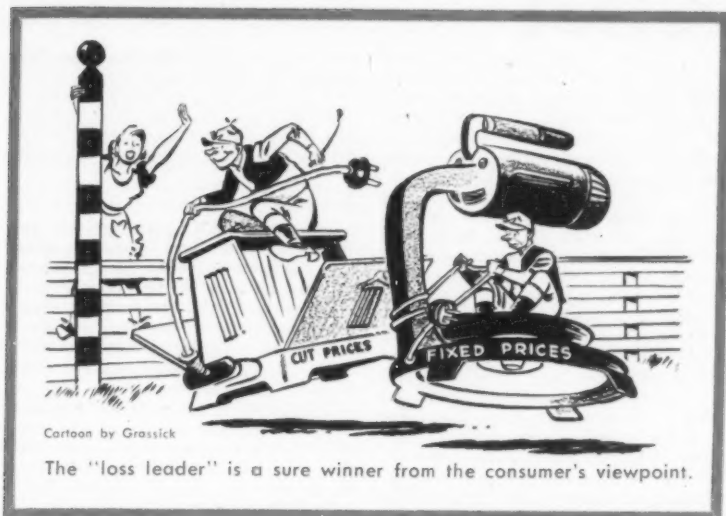


Churchill was depicted as senile and spent; Eden as an appeasing Chamberlain.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1954



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



Business and Cut-Rate Prices

LOSS-LEADER selling, a form of competition deplored by most retail merchants, is the subject of a report the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission hopes to write during August. The betting in Ottawa is that commissioners will recommend no law to curb this practice and that their criticism of it, if any, will be mild. Retailers may think themselves lucky if the report stops short of applauding loss leaders as a good thing for the consumer.

Nominally a loss leader is something offered at a price below the merchant's own purchase cost. But, as the Royal Commission on Price Spreads remarked 19 years ago, "an actual loss is nowadays seldom experienced on most leaders." Among 45 examples cited before the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission's enquiry only eight turned out to be priced below the merchant's net purchase cost.

In practice, anything offered at a cut price is likely to be dubbed a loss leader. In a questionnaire circulated before the enquiry began the commission asked for definitions of the term. One manufacturer gave a frank answer: "Our interpretation of loss leader would be the sale of standard-brand merchandise at less than the prevailing price at other stores."

It was expressly to permit this kind of price cutting, and to forbid manufacturers' penalties against it, that the Government enacted a law against resale price maintenance. One of the jobs of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission is to enforce that law, and already several prosecutions have been launched. There is no reason to expect the commission to urge repeal of the act.

On the contrary, the loss-leader

enquiry seems to indicate that the law is having the effect which its sponsors intended.

In Ottawa, for example, one nationally advertised electrical appliance (Mixmaster) is offered by "regular" dealers at \$58.95. A few blocks away, in a little discount house on Bank Street, you can buy the same article for \$42.95.

Indeed, some witnesses before the commission admitted that a great part of the trouble with the old resale price maintenance system was the very large markup imposed upon the retailer. In the material collected by T. D. MacDonald, director of research and investigation for the commission, one example is the sale of an electric clock by a chain store. Net purchase cost was \$5.32, and the chain store sold the clock for \$6.95. But the price "suggested" by the manufacturer was \$14.95.

THESE WERE NOT the type of examples stressed by the briefs which condemned loss-leader selling. They emphasized the plight of the small retailer when chain stores shaved the price on items which were vital to the little man but trivial to the chain.

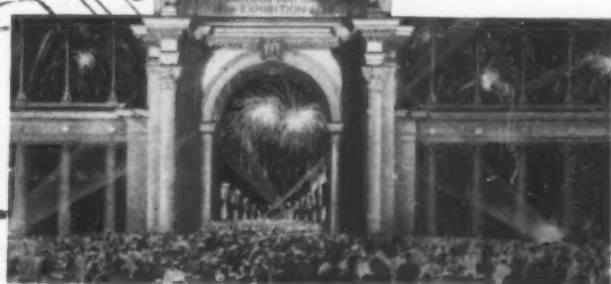
A favorite case was cigarettes, which are only a fraction of any chain grocery's business but the mainstay of 92,000 tobacconists in Canada. The tobacco companies rely on these small retailers as their major distribution agents. They argued that the chains were using cigarettes as a loss leader when they sold, not at an actual loss, but at a price too low to carry a "fair share" of overhead and profit.

Enquiry showed that the chains were selling at a gross profit of ten percent, or, after allowing for warehouse expenses, Continued on page 50

THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXHIBITION throws wide its gates!



H.R.H. the DUCHESS of KENT
will officially open 1954 C.N.E.
Friday August 27th



ROY ROGERS
"King of the Cowboys"
with DALE EVANS,
the entire company and TRIGGER

DAILY
AFTERNOON AND EVENING
GRANDSTAND SHOWS

WOMEN'S WORLD
OF FASHIONS,
FOOD, FURNISHINGS

NEW \$1,500,000
Food Products Building

FUN-PACKED MIDWAY
Thrilling Rotor—
Breathtaking Dancing Waters

AGRICULTURE
Livestock, Fruit, Vegetables,
Grain

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW
Aug. 27th to Sept. 1st

SPORTS • ALL TYPES
Track • Field • Aquatic • General
Can. Olympic Training Plan

2 glorious weeks
of spectacular
entertainment!

It's Your exhibition—don't miss it! 350 acres
of fun, excitement and entertainment for all
the family. See "Canada on the March" at
the 1954 C.N.E. Each Province will be
honoured with a special day.

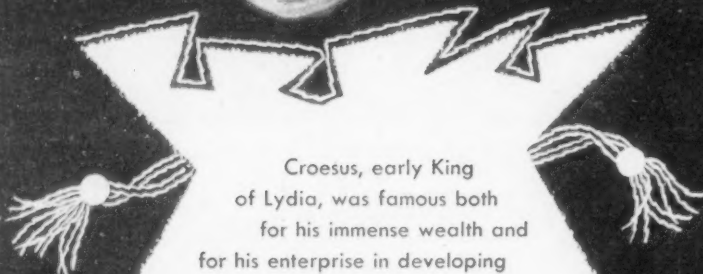
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION Aug. 27 to Sept. 11 TORONTO—CANADA

R. H. Saunders, C.B.E., Q.C. — President

Hiram E. McCallum — General Manager

THE START OF IT ALL!

What do we mean,
"Rich as Croesus"?



Croesus, early King of Lydia, was famous both for his immense wealth and for his enterprise in developing the world's first coin made entirely of gold—the "croesid." In its way, this was an early venture towards establishing the gold standard. So that was **"The Start of It All."**

You may never become "Rich as Croesus," but you are wise to aim at greater security and independence. Simply follow the example of the multitude of forward-looking Canadians who maintain savings accounts with The Canadian Bank of Commerce. In making your plans for the future a Savings Account should be **"The Start of It All."**



The Canadian
Bank of Commerce

M-73

MAILBAG



Other Life on Other Planets

In Norman J. Berrill's article, *Are We Alone in the Universe?* (June 15), I think perhaps he does not sufficiently emphasize the idea of "life as we know it." We now know life on this earth is vastly more varied and pervasive than was until very recently thought possible. How can we be sure that the creative drive which produced life here may not, on other planets, have produced life able to live under circumstances utterly different from our own? After all, human beings could scarcely imagine life to be possible in the depth of the sea if we had not discovered the extraordinary creatures that exist there. It is not very long since scientists were sure that a planetary system was a rare occurrence. However, they have in a few years utterly revised their views as to the origin of the universe, and now it is considered there may be millions of planets like this earth. —Gilbert Templeton, Toronto.

● May I remind zoologist Berrill that Darwin's theory of evolution has been discarded by many of the world's leading scientists? Some have even admitted that the Bible contains a more reasonable statement of the Creation . . . Anyone who believes in a God-made universe can also accept the idea of life on other planets and in other solar systems. In the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to verify this, but one day the "experts" may discover that their clumsy instruments have been giving them the wrong answers. —Frank C. Kenley, Ottawa.

● . . . Berrill draws a very vivid picture of man's evolution from a beginning which, like all other evolutionists, he fails to account for.

Evolution requires a previous evolver and since it could not have been going on for ever, nor could it have started itself, there must have been some supernatural force to have produced the "first cause." However much evolution can explain, it cannot explain itself . . . —Carlton S. Hester, Creston, B.C.

● If Berrill is descended from monkeys via evolution where did he get his soul? I prefer to think that God gave me mine and that my ancestors never did climb four-handed in trees . . . —Ethel M. Harvey, Strassbourg, Sask.

Gilbert Wants to Come Back

While I am aware of the value of sensational headlines, I must deny my claim to the title of *The Rudest Man in England* (April 15). There are one or two fairly unimportant, but slightly irritating, errors of fact in Marjorie Earl's article. But there is no time for bickering: all I crave is a little of your space in which to say that I am happy and confident in the feeling that I left more friends than enemies in Canada, to which charming country I hope one day to pay another refreshing and rewarding visit. —Gilbert Harding, London, Eng.

Hutchison's "Best Summary"

When I finished reading Bruce Hutchison's, *The Agonizing Dilemma* of Dwight D. Eisenhower (May 15), I

said to myself, "That's one of the best summaries on this man that I've ever read." Indeed it's so thought-provoking that I read it over the second time and enjoyed it just as much as at the first reading. —Kate Aitken, Toronto.

Rapids on the Ottawa

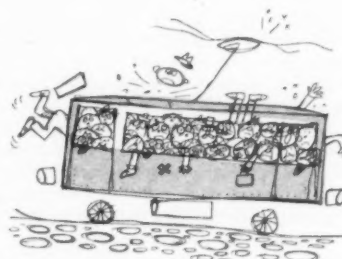
Thomas B. Costain's article, *The White and the Gold* (May 15), states that the Long Sault Rapids are located on the Ottawa River, just east of Hawkesbury, Ont. It has always been my firm conviction that the Long Sault Rapids were located on the St. Lawrence River, approximately ten miles west of Cornwall, Ont.

If I am wrong please accept my most humble apologies, however I am quite certain that Costain should review his geography of Canada. —Peter Deacey, Montreal.

Costain states that the Long Sault Rapids on the St. Lawrence were named some years following the Dollard incident which occurred on the original Long Sault Rapids on the Ottawa River.

A Montrealer's Subway Notions

Although we admire Fred Bodsworth's great interest in the various economic aspects of subways (*What the Subway's Doing to Toronto*, June 15), we wish that when considering their



value and use he would keep the human angle more clearly in view.

He may have consulted city officials, parking-lot operators, store managers and car owners for his article on Toronto's subway, but did he consult any of those careless individuals who take up a mere twelfth of the space of a driver? No Montrealer, after standing as thousands do daily for an hour in a tram which is competing with hordes of vehicles as it slowly climbs an icy hill, will have any detailed comments on right-of-way, falling off of business, or parking-lot revenues . . . But, since subways offer rapid transit, Montrealers (Mayor Houde excepted) will welcome it enthusiastically. —Yvonne Vandenengel, Montreal.

The Alibi of Paul Cachia

In the article by Fred Thompson about the Paul Cachia case (June 1), he severely criticizes the police for not investigating what he calls the accused's alibi.

It is not part of police duty to investigate an alibi; that is purely for the defense. Police duty is if they suspect a man of having committed a crime,

to get the necessary evidence to warrant an arrest, and then arrest him. If he claims to have an alibi it is purely for the defense to get that and establish it . . . I think that Thompson's criticism of the police was entirely unwarranted.—Frederic Watt, QC, Magistrate, Guelph, Ont.

• . . . The most astonishing part of it was that the Crown did not permit ten months served in jail to count as part of the four-year penitentiary term.—Irving P. Rexford, Montreal.

Nylon That Didn't Rot

The article, What You Should Know About the "Miracle" Fabrics (April 15), states that nylon curtains rot in sunlight. For an eight-year period, from 1946 to the present, we have sold well over forty million yards of Hathaway Nylon marquisette for curtains, and we know personally of curtains still in excellent shape which were hung eight years ago. Of these forty million yards we have not received one yard back showing sunlight deterioration.

It is true that some very poorly made nylon fabrics got into the market and that some of these very inferior goods did not stand up in sunlight. On the other hand our own nylon marquisette, as well as other reputedly made nylon marquisettes, has been used in so many millions of homes in the United States that nylon curtains are one of the most popular types of curtains throughout this country . . . The Canadian curtain trade had a very unfortunate experience with nylon curtains in the early postwar years because practically nothing but inferior fabric was sold.—E. G. Reid, Hathaway Manufacturing Co., New York.

For Whom, the Bell Tolls

We, the undersigned, wish to express our strong disapproval of your June 15 caption on the article about Joseph Desfosses, Who Are They Waiting For? We consider it to be ungrammatical—in this your most interesting issue of many long months.—J. A. Pearson, V. Pearson, M. R. Gilliland, W. A. Holly, Joan Beyea, Edward Smith, Karl Johnston, J. Bard, Ron Smith, George Crowe, the Board of School Trustees, Rothesay, N.B.

We Wave the Golden Rule

Thanks a million for your editorial, It's Time to Put an End to Star Chamber Security Screening (May 1). This editorial may seem rather startling to the majority of Canadian readers as we have been "pressured" by means of both the press and radio into believing that the Canadian authorities could do no wrong as regards the handling of spies and security risks . . . For its fairness, tolerance and its application of the Golden Rule this editorial is to say the least heartening.—John B. McFadden, Canard, N.S.

• Congratulations on your editorial, The Dangerous Habit of Saying "No" (May 15). It's about time that someone started to take a realistic view of this "capitalist versus Communist" fiasco. To whom in Washington and Ottawa do Russia's peace proposals always look so "fatuous and phony"? And why? Why is capitalism so deathly afraid of Communism that it is unwilling to cede a point in the interest of peace? It begins to look as though someone besides the Russians might be insincere in their desire for world peace.

As long as we in the West maintain this "dog eat dog" attitude in both our internal and external affairs I fail to see where we are liable to get anywhere.—A. W. Machin, Mannville, Alta. ★

SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT

...It all depends on you!

Because you are the driver who causes accidents—or prevents them. When driving—think of the pedestrian. When walking—think like a driver.



The driver behind you is no mind reader—always signal when making a turn, stopping or slowing down. It's more fun being alive than being a statistic!



Don't be tempted to pass on the wrong side to save time—you may end up with more time than you know what to do with!



You're heading for trouble when you pass on a hill—it's the car you can't see that can kill you!

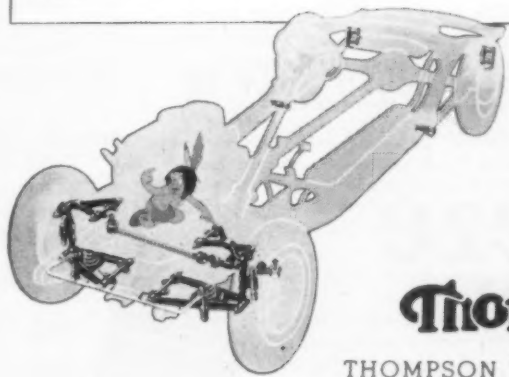


"Right of Way" sounds different from a hospital bed. Slow down for all intersections and be safe.

20 MPH	2 1/2	CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
30 MPH	5	CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
40 MPH	8	CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
50 MPH	12	CAR LENGTHS TO STOP
60 MPH	16	CAR LENGTHS TO STOP

KNOW YOUR STOPPING SPEEDS

These stopping speeds apply to DRY pavement only. Keep these distances in mind and drive safely.



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Deepfreeze refrigerators available in 6 models, capacities from 9.3 to 11.5 cu. ft. Imperial Model A-10 (9.3 cu. ft.) illustrated above.

15th
Anniversary
Models

Don't wait until your old one fails! Buy a New Deepfreeze Refrigerator!

Does your old refrigerator take too long to make ice cubes? Does it keep ice cream hard? Does the motor run too often? And is it noisy?

See your Deepfreeze appliance dealer today if it doesn't meet these tests. And let him show you the marvelous new Deepfreeze refrigerators that are color styled in beautiful Emerasheen.

See what they have . . . that yours hasn't!

See the genuine Deepfreeze freezer compartment . . . the fabulous Dispensador with separate storage compartments for eggs, butter, cheese, salads, small greens, and bottles of all sizes and shapes.

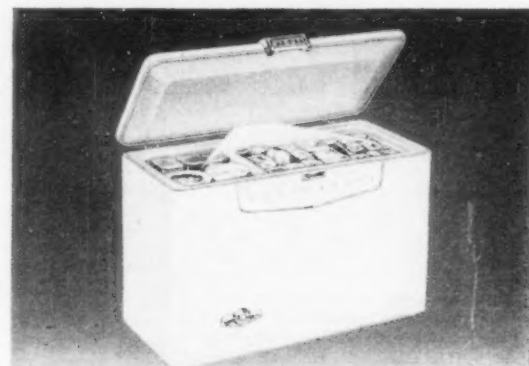
See the two handy jugs for chilled juices or water . . . the butter box with temperature control.

See the wonderful new swing-out meat compartment . . . the big twin crispers and the slide-out shelf.

And let your friendly Deepfreeze dealer explain to you the wonderful convenience of Electromatic defrost.

You'll find the newest of the new in the beautiful Deepfreeze refrigerators. They are marvels of advance design and beauty.

So don't delay! See them today—at your Deepfreeze appliance dealer's store.



Deepfreeze freezers available in 8 models, 7.67 to 23.71 cu. ft. capacity. Imperial Model C-146 shown above.

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Send me illustrated literature on Deepfreeze refrigerators and freezers without any obligation to me.

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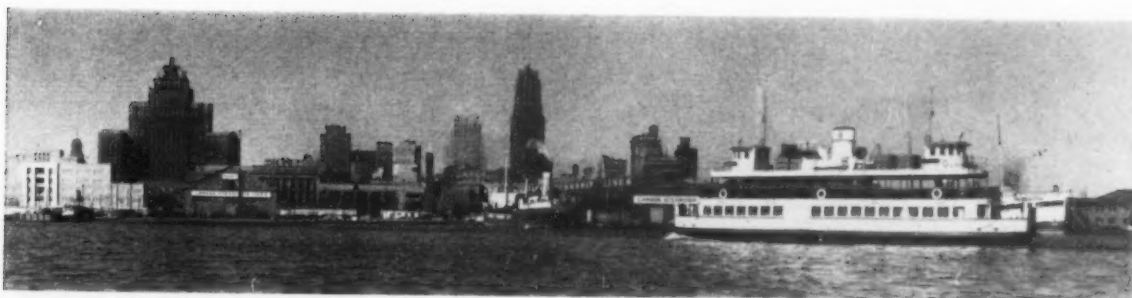
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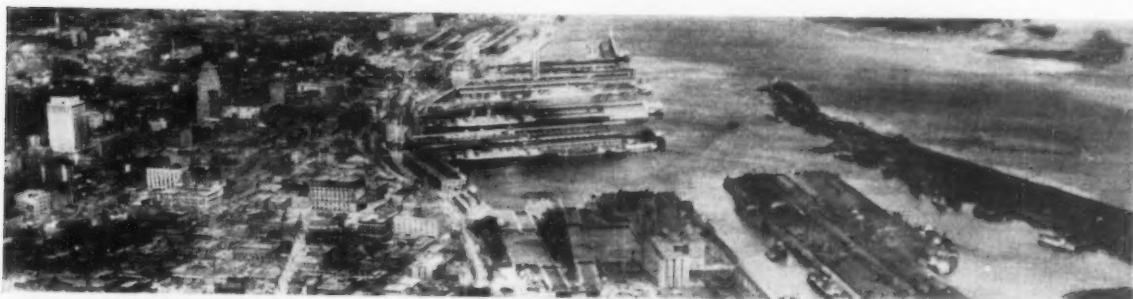
HOME APPLIANCES

Makers of genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, Refrigerators, Room Air Conditioners, and Electric Ranges

Look for it! Insist on it! Deepfreeze—
the trade-name of freezer fame!



Will Toronto Rise to Two Million?



Will Montreal Lose Some Business?



Will Vancouver Win Bigger Markets?

What will the Seaway do to your Town?

AS THE first bulldozers and construction crews move in this summer to work on the long-debated St. Lawrence River seaway and power project, Canada hums with forecasts of lusty boom days. Optimism is sky-high and every Great Lakes fishing port is dreaming of mushrooming into another Liverpool.

But here and there a sceptic is asking if the hopes could be too rosy, the optimism too high. Sorting out the reliable facts from the wild claims is as big a task as the seaway construction itself.

What will the seaway really do to Canada? What will it do to your town?

The 120-mile International Rapids section of the

BY FRED BODSWORTH

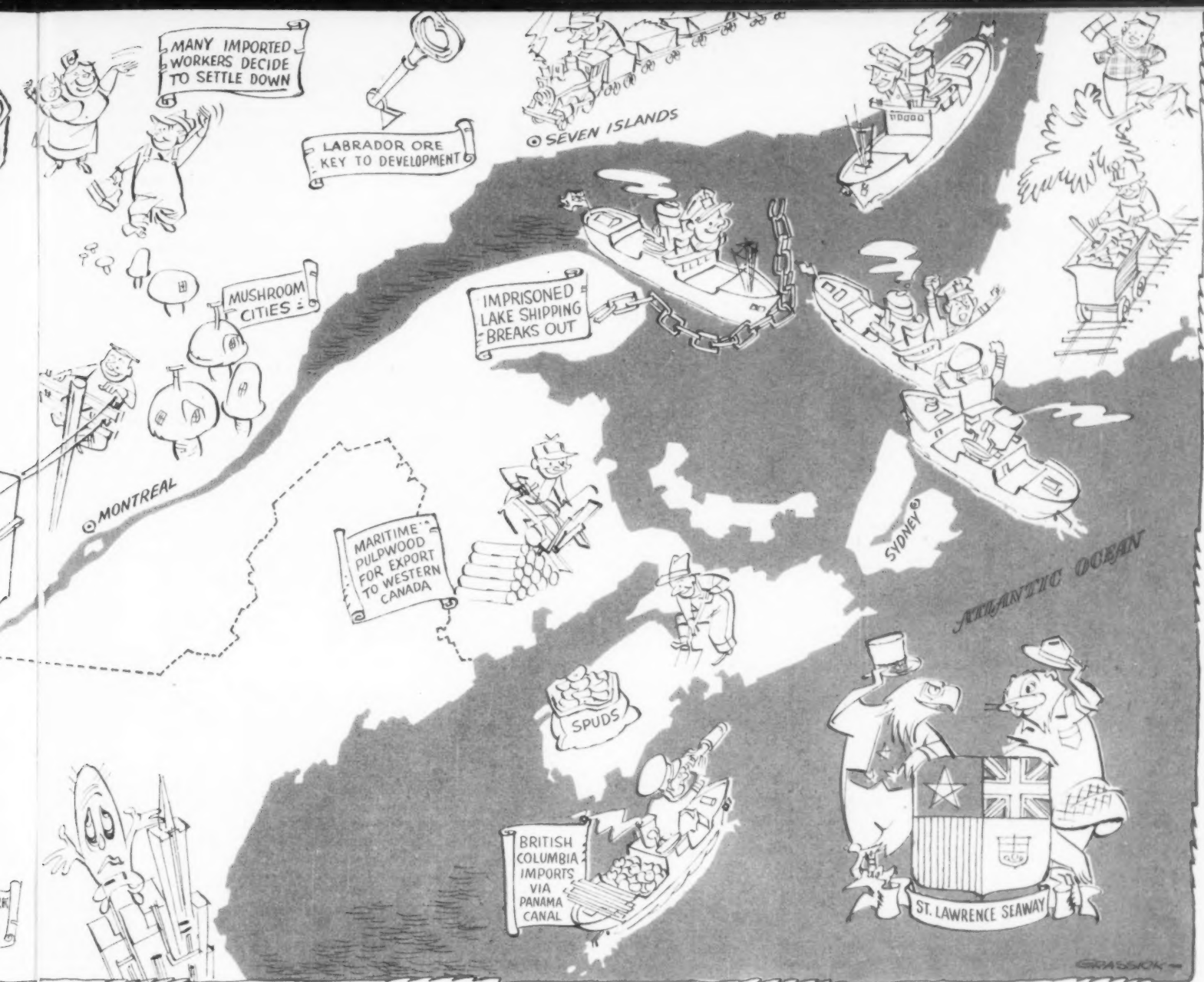
St. Lawrence River upstream from Montreal is the only serious barrier preventing large ocean ships from sailing to the head of the Great Lakes. Here at present is a series of narrow 14-foot-deep canals through which only small cargo vessels can pass. By means of a hydro-electric power dam near Cornwall and a new series of 27-foot canals this shipping bottleneck will be eliminated.

It will turn the entire Great Lakes shore line into an extension of the Atlantic seacoast accessible to all but 15 percent of ships now plying the oceans of

the world. And, what promises to be more important economically to Canada, it will permit lake ships, most of which are now imprisoned on the Great Lakes, to carry outbound cargoes to Montreal and beyond, eliminating much costly transshipment by rail. The new deepened St. Lawrence canals will carry 50 million tons of U. S. and Canadian freight a year instead of the present 10 million tons. The extra 40 million tons—freight which now doesn't exist at all or goes by rail—is equivalent to all the freight presently handled by the harbors of Montreal, Vancouver, Halifax, Saint John, Quebec City and Toronto combined.

Since water transportation is three to ten times

Story, pictures continued on next two pages ►



► Price of domestic coal in Ontario may be cut by 50 cents to \$1 a ton.

► Coming far inland by water, British cars will cost from \$20 to \$25 less.

► B. C. products will reach Ontario via Panama Canal and will be cheaper.

our Canadian growth than anything since the railways"

that will be felt, for good or bad, from one end of Canada to the other. It will touch in some way every Canadian industry, every Canadian pocket-book. And although the talk has been mostly of seaway benefits and booms, it is inevitable that in the postseaway upheaval some industries, some regions and some towns will suffer.

Before any detailed geographical breakdown on the seaway's probable benefits and drawbacks can come into focus a few basic factors and theories, some of them still open to question, must be examined.

For one thing, government economists are now saying the seaway—for years thought of mainly as a means of admitting ocean ships into the Great Lakes—will actually play a more important role by letting lake ships out. The reasoning behind this is intricately tied up with the Ungava iron development and the structural differences between ocean and lake cargo ships.

The key that will govern much of the new seaway shipping pattern is Labrador iron. It has to be fitted into the picture first. Today 80 percent of U. S. steel production (35 percent of world production) is concentrated in the smelter towns of Ohio and Pennsylvania just south of Lake Erie. The industry settled there because the Pennsylvania coal mines were close by and because the Great Lakes provided cheap transportation for iron

ore from the Mesabi range at the western end of Lake Superior. But Mesabi's richest easy-to-reach deposits are now beginning to thin out. Mesabi could still supply for many years the total requirements of the Lake Erie smelters—from which most Canadian and U. S. steel comes—but only with ore that is now harder to reach and beginning to cost more to mine. If the smelters were to remain dependent on the Mesabi mines, their ore costs within a few years would have to increase an average of \$2 a ton. That would mean about \$200 millions a year which steel purchasers (that's all of us) would have to pay. But the seaway will offset this gloomy prospect because Labrador ore will be able to move economically to Lake Erie and make it possible for the most expensive Mesabi mines to discontinue.

The original Labrador plan was to ship ore to the Pennsylvania smelters via Atlantic seaboard ports—about 1,500 miles by water and 700 miles by rail. Because of the high transportation costs this would entail, Labrador ore would not have been able to compete with Mesabi ore very far inland from the Atlantic. Under these circumstances the maximum demand for Labrador ore was estimated at about 10 million tons a year.

But with the St. Lawrence deepened for heavy shipping, Labrador ore will move to the Lake Erie ports just about as cheaply as Mesabi ore does now.

The resultant saving in the continent's steel bill (\$200 millions a year) will write off in four or five years the total cost of the entire St. Lawrence power and seaway project.

"The most obvious seaway benefit to Canada," says Transport Minister Lionel Chevrier, "is that it will open up a much larger market for our Labrador ore." He says if the seaway is ready by 1960, as now seems probable, it will be perfectly timed, because Labrador then will be prepared for full ore production. As soon as the seaway opens, the market for Labrador ore will immediately double to 20 million tons a year, and it may slowly build up to an annual maximum of 30 million tons—or even more.

The new St. Lawrence canals will have an annual capacity of 50 million tons. So about 40 percent of the traffic through the seaway will consist of ore upbound from the new Gulf of St. Lawrence iron port of Seven Islands to ports on Lake Erie. "Remember that," says G. Gordon McLeod, Department of Transport economist, "because that large ore traffic is going to decide a lot of seaway questions."

What kind of ships will carry this ore—lake or ocean ships? Well, lakeers do not have to be built to the sturdy specifications that ocean seaworthiness demands. Ocean-going freighters are shorter and deeper and must have

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Dr. Hincks shares his renown with Marjorie Keyes, his "partner and psychiatrist."

The Amazing Career of Clare Hincks

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Wheedling half a billion dollars from rich men and governments Toronto's Doctor Hincks made "mental health" a household term and won lasting fame. Yet since his teens he's been seriously neurotic himself

HARRY (RED) FOSTER, a salesman who can sell so well that he climbed to the presidency of a Toronto advertising agency, is convinced that the greatest salesman and promoter of our age is not a businessman or a huckster but a doctor. His choice for this accolade—and it is shared by many top industrialists—is Clarence Meredith Hincks, a tall, slightly stooped, bushy-browed 69-year-old Toronto psychiatrist.

For forty years Dr. Hincks, founder and consultant of the Canadian Mental Health Association (formerly National Committee for Mental Hygiene) has promoted good mental health with an intensity and zeal found only among religious missionaries. He has won countless battles on behalf of the mentally ill despite a crippling handicap: Hincks himself is a neurotic. For 53 of his 69 years, he has suffered from attacks of mental depression which last anywhere from six weeks to several months.

In spite of this, he has been able, in the interests of mental hygiene, to beg, cajole, flatter, threaten, bluff, scheme, manipulate, work twenty hours a day and travel several million miles. "I'm jealous of almost every dollar and every hour's research spent on any other problem except mental health," Hincks admits.

A ballad written about Hincks by a colleague contains the lines:

*Unlike other prophets who care not for gold,
Clare Hincks has a greed that is quite uncontrolled.
Of the pickpockets college he ought to be Dean,
But it's all in the interests of Mental Hygiene.*

Hincks has collected at least \$500 millions for mental health in the United States and Canada from ordinary citizens, millionaires, charitable foundations and governments. Dr. D. G. McKerracher, Saskatchewan's director of mental-health services, describes Hincks as the sort of man "who can induce a millionaire to give a million dollars, then break down and weep because he can't afford another million."

Examples of Hincks' persuasiveness are legion. Once, when his train was stuck in a snowdrift for several hours, a fellow passenger asked him what business he was in. Hincks the proselytizer went into action describing the plight of the mentally ill languishing in hospitals and the need to prevent mental illness. When he was finished, the stranger said, "Please accept a contribution of \$3,000 for your organization on behalf of myself and my two sisters."

Hincks so deeply impressed Sir Edward Beatty with the need of a mental-health program that Beatty invited him to dine at the Mount Royal Club in Montreal and repeat his story to a half-dozen wealthy friends like Herbert Molson, the brewer, and J. G. McConnell, the publisher. "You have ten minutes to tell your story," said Beatty. Hincks chose to speak just after the first drink. ("If you start earlier your listeners aren't relaxed enough; if you wait for the second drink, they're too relaxed.") Within three minutes after he sat down, his fellow diners had pledged \$100,000 to the CMHA.

It was not long after this that Hincks, after doing a superb selling job on a fairly well-to-do Montreal widow, was compelled to spend an hour persuading her to cut her contribution from \$50,000 down to \$25,000. "I never take advantage of a person's excessive sympathy with a cause," says Hincks. The widow's husband had died of mental illness.

In the course of a taxicab ride between New York City and nearby White Plains, he obtained the promise of a \$150,000 grant from Beardsley Ruml, then head of the Rockefeller Foundation. He was chiefly instrumental in persuading another Rockefeller president, Max Mason, to spend \$200 million on mental hygiene in North America. (At the time Hincks was director of both the CMHA and its American equivalent, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.) A poor man himself, Hincks has always derived enjoyment out of raising money for his chosen cause. "There's as much thrill fishing for money as fishing for trout," says Hincks.

One particularly thrilling episode occurred in the late 1920s when Canada was in danger of losing her prize stable of psychologists—Professors William Blatz, Ned Bott, David Ketchum, William Line, S. N. F. Chant and others. Working for the newly formed University of Toronto department of psychology, these men could barely

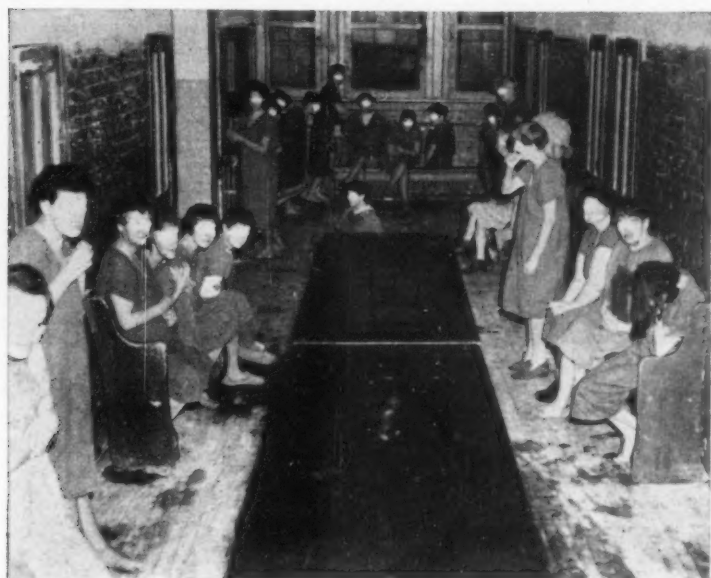
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Almost alone, he wrought a revolution in Canadian mental hospitals

The distressing pictures on the left half of this page were taken at the St. John's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders as recently as 1948.

The very different pictures on the right were taken last year at the Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn. The bad con-

ditions in the Newfoundland institution — by no means unique in Canada a few years ago — improved greatly at Hincks' angry demand.



In this women's ward there were no facilities for amusement or recreation.



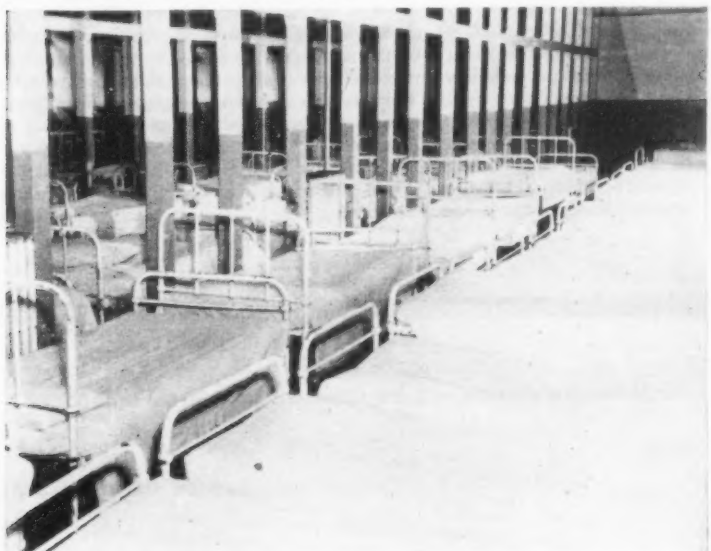
When staff and patients mingle at a Saturday dance, the benefits are marked.



This institution once contained forty cells for solitary confinement of women.



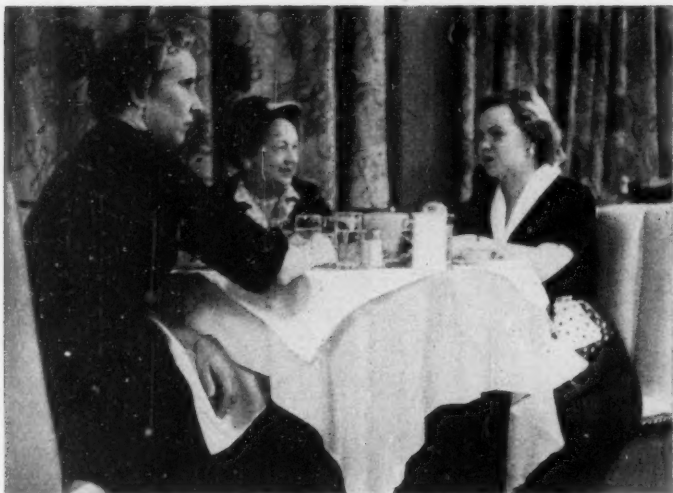
Modern treatment shows Weyburn's Dr. Clancy preparing a man for discharge.



Row upon row, beds crowded dormitories, leaving no room for chairs or tables.



Under Hincks' sharp prodding, crowding gave way to airy comfortable quarters.



Wilhelmina Holmes (centre) and Joan Gilchrist will soon take a new partner, Diane Holmes (right) who graduated from McGill this year.



Plump and jolly Mrs. Holmes outside the swinging doors of the lawyers' cloakroom with Arthur DeGagne, the attendant. As a lawyer she is not required to wear a hat.



The Lady Lawyers who are f

ALTHOUGH most of the married women of Quebec accept and endorse the restraints imposed on them by the ancient civil laws of their province, Wilhelmina Holmes, a plump and jolly housewife of Montreal, is not one of them. Mrs. Holmes has never felt at ease among the venerable statutes that compel a married woman to obtain her husband's consent before selling her own property, having an operation or launching a lawsuit. She has particularly resented the fact that while spinsters and widows enjoy the same rights as men, wives are fettered by the sort of enactments that limit the legal capacities of children, bankrupts and the insane.

One morning in 1945, when Mrs. Holmes was 42, she banged down her coffee cup and said, "It's perfectly damnable. Imagine having to pay a penalty for getting married!"

Elbert Holmes, a stocky, amiable and athletic engineer, to whom Wilhelmina had been happily married for twenty years, tapped the top off his egg and said with a grin, "You've been a breakfast-table lawyer long enough. Maybe it's time you became a real one." Wilhelmina took her husband at his word and entered the Faculty of Law at

McGill University. She was not the only woman.

In the same class was 29-year-old Joan Gilchrist, who had served as a lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy and was taking law on her DVA scholarship because she didn't want to go back to her prewar job of schoolteaching.

Temperamentally and physically Mrs. Holmes and Miss Gilchrist were unlike. The older woman was ebullient and billowy, the younger serene and willowy. Wilhelmina had reared a 17-year-old daughter, run a home and expressed her oratorical urges by tub-thumping at women's clubs. Joan had always made her own living and spent her leisure time painting in oils, reading history and philosophy, attending classical concerts and traveling.

But they had one feeling in common: a mounting distaste for laws that every year deprive 30,000 new Quebec brides of rights they would have in other provinces. This feeling launched a partnership and a campaign.

Today from a two-room office near the courthouse on Notre Dame Street East, Montreal, Holmes and Gilchrist, advocates, who claim theirs was the first all-female law firm in Canada, are chipping away to win for two million Quebec women the same

legal prerogatives as men. They've made progress.

Last May they published a spirited attack on the civil code in the form of a booklet entitled *You And Your Family Under Quebec Law*. Three thousand copies were printed by McClelland and Stewart of Toronto. In less than a month 2,500 had been sold. A second edition and a French translation were sent to press. The book received widespread publicity and Holmes and Gilchrist emerged as potent new champions of the female side in Quebec's war of the sexes.

Even before this they had built up a flourishing practice representing women clients. Their book brought them many new ones.

The civil code was conceded by England to Quebec as an olive branch after the defeat of Montcalm. Since then it has always been looked on as inviolable by jurists. For nearly two hundred years it has been the shield behind which Quebec has cherished its own language, customs and institutions. Quebec legislators are wary of all proposed changes lest these weaken the defenses of their Gallic culture. A few weeks ago Premier Maurice Duplessis said of the civil code, "There is nothing to equal it. With all due respect to English common

**DID YOU KNOW THAT
IN QUEBEC A MARRIED WOMAN CAN'T . . .**

Have an operation without her husband's consent

Permit her children

Have the family home registered in her name

By MCKENZIE PORTER

Under Quebec's Napoleonic legal code a married woman doesn't really control her own property and can't get a separation for adultery unless her husband brings his mistress home. Result: the fighting firm of Holmes and Gilchrist, Advocates

fighting Napoleon

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV



Quebec has only 33 women lawyers. Here the partners brief a client.

law (the civil law used by other Canadian provinces and by American states) I would not surrender a particle of French law. It is a heritage and we intend to keep it."

The statutes which Mrs. Holmes and Miss Gilchrist would like to see removed were inspired by an old French philosophy known as the *puissance maritale*. Broadly speaking this means that the husband decrees and the wife obeys. "It was fine," says Mrs. Holmes, "in the days when Indians were a threat to life and no family could afford to doubt who wore the pants. But today it's obsolete and unjust."

One law puts the wife's property under her husband's control and without a special court order she cannot recover her right to administer it until she becomes a widow. A second forbids married couples to give or sell to one another any form of real estate with the result that a husband cannot place the family home in his wife's name. A third prevents a wife from signing a lease without her husband's written authority.

There is a further law which gives a husband, but not his wife, the right to consent to the marriage of a child under 21. Since in Quebec girls may marry at

12 and boys at 14 a husband could sanction such a juvenile match and his wife's protests would be of no avail.

No married woman in Quebec may have an operation, or permit her children to undergo surgery, without her husband's authority. The only time doctors may operate without the husband's clearance is in cases where they can prove life and death are at stake. Short of this the doctor who ignores the husband's rights risks a suit for damages.

A Quebec wife cannot sue anybody, or appear in any kind of judicial proceedings, unless her husband, or a judge, gives her permission.

Although Quebec divorce law does not in theory discriminate against women, one of its offshoots does. Quebec people who cannot afford to petition the federal parliament for a private divorce bill sometimes plead for a provincial decree known as Separation from Bed and Board.

One clause governing the terms under which these separations may be granted says a husband may get a separation on the simple grounds of his wife's adultery. But a wife may get a separation on the grounds of adultery only if the husband should

"keep his concubine in their common habitation."

In practice Quebec judges use a loophole in the law for the benefit of wives who haven't been degraded to the level of harem conditions. A husband's adultery, no matter where he chooses to commit it, is deemed by them to be "grievous insult." This is one of the many additional grounds on which Separation from Bed and Board may be granted.

But the fact that the letter of the law still discriminates between the gravity of male and female adultery is, in the words of the forthright Mrs. Holmes, "grossly humiliating." Miss Gilchrist, who uses more measured phrases than her partner, says, "It is a comment on the outmoded standards of this province."

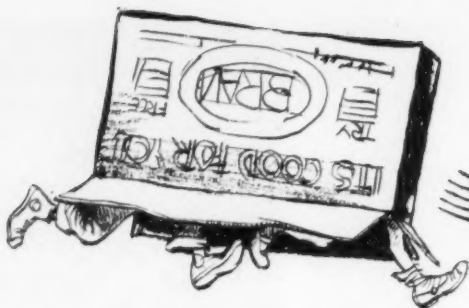
Joan Gilchrist likes to emphasize that it was not until 1940 that women were permitted to vote in Quebec provincial elections and that the Quebec provincial government has always refused to endorse the principle of equal pay for equal work by women. While thousands of Quebec women go out to work she thinks that most Quebec men still feel a woman's place is in the home.

Ever since they met in *Continued on page 48*

Administer her own property unless she becomes a widow

to have an operation without her husband's consent

Sue anybody, or appear in any kind of judicial proceedings, without the consent of her husband or a judge



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

Children are Monsters



macpherson

WHENEVER I tell my friends that I write at home, they imply that I'm lucky to be able to work in peace and quiet, completely free of distractions.

Actually, each morning as I sit with my fingers poised over my typewriter looking out onto a deceptively quiet street I find myself the lone spectator of a nether world of mayhem, treachery and propaganda that often keeps me absorbed for hours.

As each man leaves the house for downtown, preschool-age children are turned outdoors, one by one, their little faces wiped clean of toast crumbs and their souls full of diabolical plans. They pass my window all day long, in thin-column formation, in a perpetual state of spine-chilling, dead-pan, passionless war. They wear hunting caps, long pink nightgowns, their mothers' shoes and lace curtains. Sometimes they move by on wheels, sometimes on foot, but they all have one objective: to frame one another.

By lunchtime things have become so snarled that it's impossible to tell who is telling the truth. Right and wrong are so balled up in one gumbo mixture of bubble gum and tricycles that none of the mothers could sort them out, even if they wanted to. They just don't worry about it.

The other day I watched two little boys with shaved heads ride around a tree on their tricycles, slowly and aimlessly, from eight in the morning till suppertime, telling one another in agitated voices that they'd break one another's tricycles, that they'd climb up onto lamp posts and drop rocks on one another's heads, that they'd put one another in jail. Around eleven o'clock, one of them got off his trike, went over and hit the other in

the mouth, then went home hollering, "Mummy! Pete hit me."

His mother came out, looked at him sharply, said, "Pull your pants up," and went back in.

Two strange little boys meeting for the first time will stand looking into one another's faces for a moment, then start conscientiously kicking one another until one starts howling and goes home.

Little tots with legs like noodles toddle off each morning in pigtails, bows, pocket-size dresses, on their way to play a day-long game, the object of which is to try to get somebody else spanked. When they score, they all stand around sucking their popsicles watching. They don't laugh or gloat or show any excitement. Their faces are completely expressionless.

Every other minute they go and tell their mothers. If they haven't anything to tell them, they tell them anything. Sometimes they tell their own mothers, sometimes they tell the other kid's mother. If they can't find either mother they tell the breadman. It's a peculiar world where the idea seems to be if you can stay with it until everyone is grown up it will all sort itself out.

The other day a little girl with a head of white curls let out a nerve-shattering scream that brought six mothers racing from their doors, three of them in curlers.

"Doris! What is it!" gasped one of them.

Doris put her hand on her flat little chest, looked across a geranium hedge at another little girl, and said in a hoarse stage whisper, "Gail looked at me!"

"It's time you came in for lunch anyway," her mother said.

One afternoon three little girls were playing. Suddenly two of them pushed the third off the





**Far tougher than the world of business is the
daytime arena on your block where the preschoolers
wage a peculiar war that doesn't faze their mothers
but leaves Bob limp over his typewriter**

veranda, then picked up her doll and threw it at her, breaking its head. I was almost ready to leap up from my typewriter and cross the road to lecture them on the rudiments of justice, sportsmanship and the Geneva Conference. The little girl who had been shoved off the veranda screamed. The other two screamed back at her. The woman of the house came out.

"They broke my doll's head," the little girl wailed.

"Why did you break Susan's doll?" the woman asked, mechanically rettying a bow.

"We were through playing with her," one of them said.

"Pull up your socks," the woman said, "and don't get dirty."

One time I listened to one youngster ask in a flat monotone, at intervals all morning, if the other would let her play with her doll carriage.

"Can I have your carriage?" she'd say.

"No."

At noon the mother of the kid with the carriage put her head out the door and called her daughter in for lunch. The youngster put the top of the carriage up and started for home, and fell down the veranda steps. She lay on her back, reaching for a sound proportionate to the fall. I could hear the scream coming like water working its way up to the nozzle of a garden hose. Just before it arrived the other kid who stood looking down at her like a little Richard Widmark in pigtails, evidently figuring that she was going to die, said, "Can I have your carriage now?"

Mercy seems something that begins to show itself around voting age. My own youngest daughter who, although going to school, is still young enough

to retain the preschool spirit, will chatter away at lunch.

"There's a boy in our class named Johnny," she'll say, industriously spooning chicken-noodle soup into herself. "He talks all the time."

"M-hm," I say.

"This morning the teacher said, 'Well I'm going to put you between two good little girls, Martha and Mary.'"

(Mary is my daughter.)

"So?" I say.

"And if you talk" she said, "I'm going to ask Martha and Mary to tell me and I'm going to send you to the office." We had great fun.

"How do you mean?"

"We tried to get him to talk so we could tell the teacher."

"You what?" I bring her into focus. It's just beginning to dawn on me what she said.

"We tried to see how we could get him to talk," she says, getting up to get some more soup.

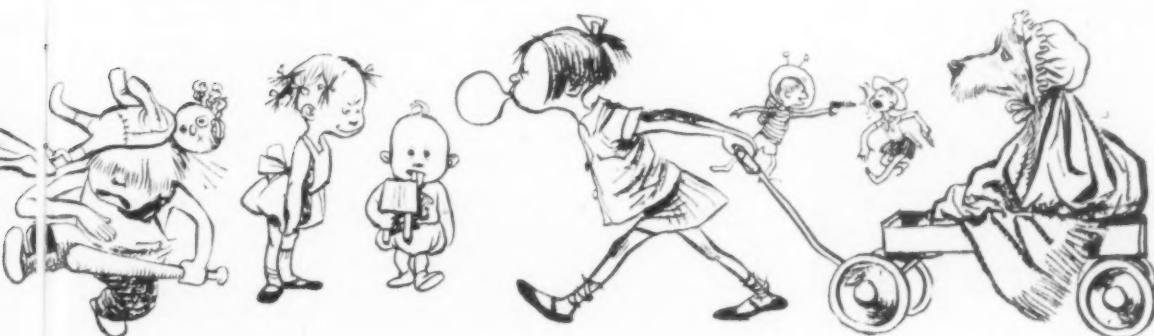
My wife says, "Oh, Mary, you shouldn't!"

"Shouldn't what?" Mary says, in surprise.

"Shouldn't take more soup," my wife says.

In the world of women and children, promises and systems of ethics are held together lightly by a thin coating of orange juice and hair fix and an occasional safety pin. It often leaves me wishing that I were back downtown amid the jolly cut-throat atmosphere of big business. There, people do one another in according to firm principles. Back home, nobody would recognize a principle if they found it in their shredded wheat.

It amounts to the same thing, probably, but it's easier on the nerves when it doesn't take place on a quiet sunny street. ★



THE MOUNTIES • PART THREE

The Public's Own Private Eyes

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

Only the Mounties do detective work for all Canada. To do it, they use such new-fangled devices as sculpture in clay and blowups of the human ear. But they admit that you still can't beat the old-fashioned stool pigeon



Fingerprints can hang a killer. Mountie J. H. Jones checks a weapon in the Regina lab.

IN A plainly furnished office in a greystone building in Ottawa Clifford W. (Slim) Harvison dictates his memos, reads his mail and studies his staff reports like any other civil servant. He is very tall—almost gangling. His voice is resonant and his personality warm. Nothing about him indicates that he is the top-ranking detective of one of the world's great police forces, but Assistant Commissioner Harvison heads the Criminal Investigation Branch of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Under him, stationed in cities across Canada, are somewhere around 400 plain-clothes Mounties known as CIB men.

Murder, rape, robbery, arson, extortion, smuggling and drugs are the subjects of reports stacked on his desk. No two reports are quite the same, yet each is a drama couched in formal police prose and in each two principal characters, the criminal and the detective, the hunted and the hunter, slowly draw together through a mass of painstakingly recorded detail. The criminal may be young, old, male, female, stupid, clever, brutal, weak, somebody who carefully planned a crime or somebody who committed a crime blindly, perhaps in a moment of uncontrollable passion or sudden temptation.

The detective, unlike his quarry, fits a fairly standard pattern, for he has not only been trained and disciplined for his job but was selected for it because he had the requisite qualities of mind and temperament. The men who picked him knew that while a battery of RCMP scientists would frequently help him he would have to rely in the main on his eyes, ears and common sense.

"The detective," says Slim Harvison, "must be observant, naturally. He must have judgment. He has to be even-tempered, should not get excited and must have a cool head when the chips are down. His mind must be absolutely open so he won't go into a case with preconceived ideas. And he must have patience. He may know who committed a crime but that isn't enough. He has to prove it in court."

Harvison's chief trouble shooter, Sgt. Jerry Carroll, possesses these attributes to a marked degree. A chunky blue-eyed man with a deliberate manner and a fondness for mystery stories, Carroll is stationed at Ottawa headquarters but when there is a tough case anywhere in Canada he may be assigned to it. He won his reputation by the intelligent but plodding and methodical kind of police work

that ties up all the loose ends, leaves nothing to chance and, because it is effective rather than spectacular, is much admired by professional policemen but unnoticed by the public.

In 1948 when Carroll was a CIB corporal at the RCMP's Yorkton subdivision in Saskatchewan, a house owned by a 37-year-old farmer, Frank Catlack, burned ten miles from the town of Balcarres. Charred bones in the embers were identified as those of Florence Brabant, a pretty young half-breed who lived with Catlack. Catlack's story was that he had not been at home when the fire broke out—that he had been in Balcarres, drunk in a hotel room. Carroll dug up evidence that Catlack had indeed been in the hotel but that he had been seen furtively leaving his farm not long before neighbors saw the flames.

Carroll suspected that Catlack might have murdered the girl, then started the fire to cover up. He knew just the right questions to ask him. Why, when Catlack was picked up, was he carrying his fire insurance policy? Catlack had scratches on his face. How did he get them? Catlack said he couldn't remember. Catlack had bought a jar of kerosene two days before the fire. Why? Why had he looked back at his house, anxiously, as he departed before the fire? Steadily, relentlessly, Carroll uncovered a dozen small discrepancies in Catlack's alibi and prodded him about them. Catlack's nerve broke. Tears streaming down his face, he dictated and signed a confession. He had stabbed Florence Brabant to death because she had aroused his jealousy. And he had set the fire. For Carroll, this statement wasn't enough. Confessions are usually repudiated in court; judges and juries feel they may have been extracted under duress.

Carroll reasoned that a girl like Florence would probably have jewelry. He questioned her friends and ascertained that she wore a wrist-watch and a couple of rings. These had not been found with her bones. "Frank," Carroll said to Catlack, "do you want to show us where her jewelry is?" Catlack nodded mutely and led him to a spot where he had buried the watch and rings. This cinched the case. Carroll's hard practical logic, his reasoning that a half-breed girl would have jewelry, that it would have been found with her if it hadn't been removed, and that Catlack must have hidden it, gained Carroll a promotion.

This sort of logic isn't needed to trap and hang most murderers. Murder in real life is seldom a clever whodunit. "In an average year," says Slim Harvison, "the RCMP will get something like 25 murders. Possibly ten will be murder and suicide—you just call the coroner and the wagon. Then we'll have six or seven cases of murder while insane—some crackpot with a gun or a knife running loose. He may give us trouble, but again, no investigation. Then there'll be four or five cases where it's obvious who did it—when you get there you find a man or woman sitting in a daze, possibly drunk. Maybe there'll be two or three cases where some hard work is involved."

"We have our unsolved murders," says Carroll, "but it isn't because we don't know who did it. We just can't get enough evidence to prove it."

Often, the neatest detective work takes place in the minor cases and with experience plain-clothes men develop a remarkable knack for spotting something that doesn't look right. In the Niagara peninsula, a couple of plain-clothes Mounties were driving behind a truck loaded with baled hay. One of them thought the hay was piled strangely. He checked the license by radio with the Ontario Provincial Police and found that the truck was registered in the name of a known smuggler. The Mounties stopped the truck and found 900,000 smuggled cigarettes buried in the hay.

Most cases, however, are solved by common sense and persistent questioning. Even when he's not on a case a good CIB man spends a lot of time talking to people, just keeping in touch with what's going on in his area. One night in Port Alberni, B.C., a plain-clothes Mountie dropped into a hotel for a chat with the new desk clerk. The new man didn't know how to operate his switchboard and the Mountie offered to show him. He put on the headphones just in time to hear a voice say, "We're out of rum, will whisky do?" A few minutes later, a bootlegging taxi driver delivered a bottle of whisky into the waiting hands of the Mountie.

A detective cultivates informers, "stool pigeons," minor criminals who double-cross their fraternal brothers through fear, dislike, envy, or simply for money. If their information leads to arrest and conviction, the RCMP will pay them anywhere from ten dollars to several hundred dollars, depending on the importance of the case. "Most narcotics cases are broken by tips," says Harvison.

There is nothing very dramatic about these methods. RCMP detectives are not super-sleuths. They're as tired as anyone else at the end of a long day. They tend to put on

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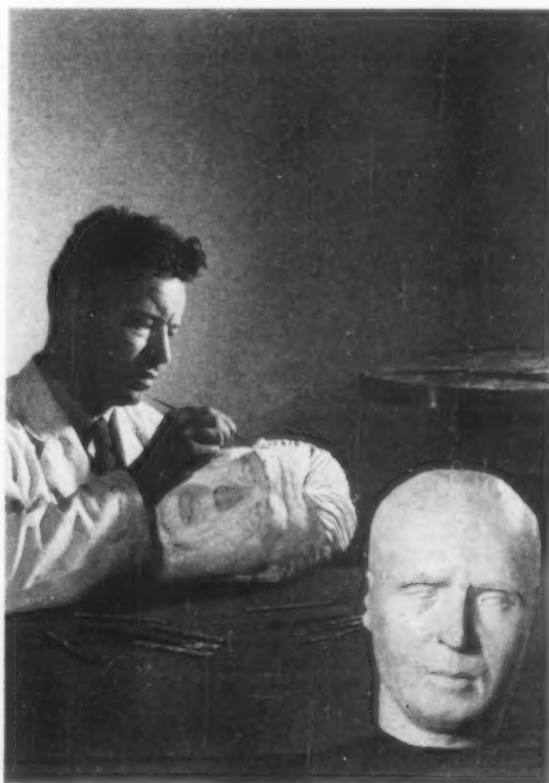


Sgt. Ivan Mallow peers at a small scrap of evidence.



Murder, rape, robbery and smuggling cases pour across the Ottawa desk of detective chief Slim Harvison. His assistant and trouble shooter is Sgt. Jerry Carroll (at right).

Behind the sleuths in the field is an efficient headquarters that uses even clay to catch crooks



From eye-witness descriptions of a killer RCMP sculptor Reg. Abbott fashioned this head, for use in "wanted" posters. Note close resemblance to actual criminal.

JULES was the sole heir, but his wealthy and whimsical aunt refused to fade away. Then, suddenly, with the help of one of her beloved fortune tellers, he was sure he'd found

the best way to murder



Details details, details, dammit!" he muttered. "Everything goes wrong for me."

Jules Wyckson leaned back in the lawn chair and tried to concentrate on how best to murder his Aunt Maudie, but the noises of the party kept intruding and he frowned in annoyance. Even the girls, splashing in the swimming pool over by the outdoor bar on his aunt's country estate, annoyed him and that was unusual. Ordinarily, Jules Wyckson rather liked girls.

Ordinarily, he wouldn't have let his chin sag on his neck like that, with such a tender audience within range of his profile. Ordinarily, he would have held his head erect, his jaw jutted a trifle and his eyes purposefully sleepy in boredom, as befitted a man about town, for this was his environment and he knew what was expected of him.

He had on his tweed slacks and his turtle-neck sweater, the Martinis were correctly prepared, the afternoon's hangover had vanished and Jules should have felt quite well, except for one bothersome mundane matter. No money. He had run out of money some time ago and consequently felt handicapped in life.

It had seemed a rather sizable amount his father had left him but what with one thing and another it was gone now. Jules didn't see how it was possible to wait to inherit his Aunt Maudie's estate, what with alimony due and a gambler named Barnes getting rather nasty and one thing and another. The way out, he reflected, was clear. Hasten Aunt Maudie along. But it was not an easy problem.

"What an asinine situation," Jules said to himself, frowning, as he stood up and strode away from the lawn chair and the shrill penetrating laughter of the girls in the pool. How, he asked himself, can I kill Aunt Maudie under these ridiculous circumstances?

Why, he thought for the hundredth time, they would hang me instinctively. He considered his position as the debt-ridden sole heir. How trite, he thought ruefully

With one eye on Dr. Desto and his crystal ball, and the other on the scenery, Jules pondered his poverty. And then it all came into focus.

BY JOHN I. KEASLER ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

r Aunt Maudie

— it's all so incriminating. And yet something simply had to be done.

Walking across the spacious highly landscaped lawn he paused to insert a cigarette into a long holder. Jules Wyckson was a tall almost paunchless man of forty with a very good sun-lamp tan, wavy brown hair and a thin face. He wore a beret. As he stood there staring moodily at the lanterns strung up for the party, a girl bounced out of the shadows happily and jiggled to a halt in the radius of his arrogant solitude.

"Juley, Juley," the girl trilled, "do come see the funny, funny man. He's talking to your Aunt Maudie and you just have to see him. I mean really."

"I want a drink," Jules said shortly, holding back as she clutched at his arm.

"We go right past the drinks, silly boy," she said, yanking him forward. Reluctantly, Jules allowed himself to be steered to a card table around which seethed a group of guests in shorts, and Aunt Maudie, in crimson pedal pushers and a Mexican hat. An odd-looking little man sat at the table. Oh Lord, thought Jules glumly, not another fortune teller.

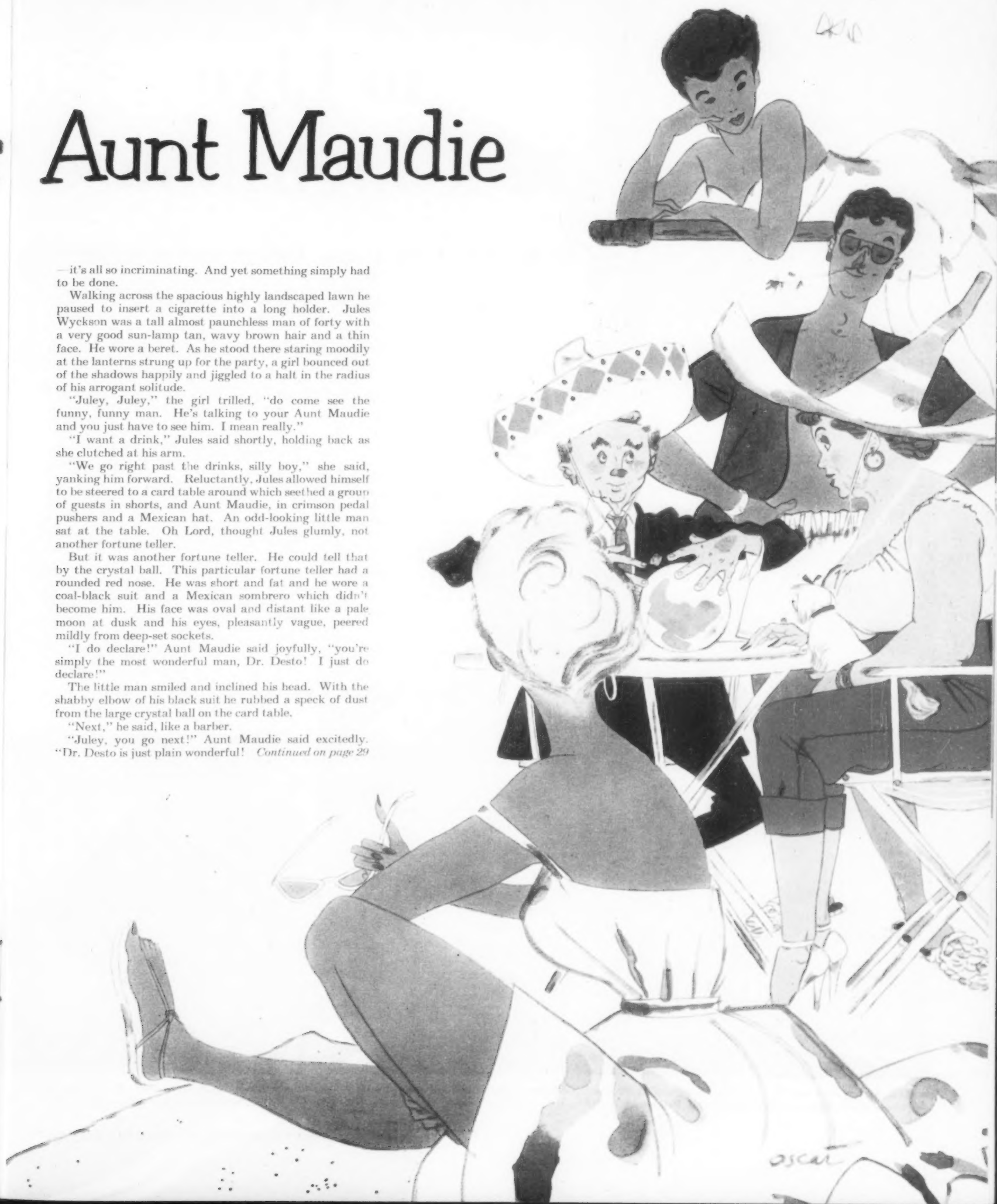
But it was another fortune teller. He could tell that by the crystal ball. This particular fortune teller had a rounded red nose. He was short and fat and he wore a coal-black suit and a Mexican sombrero which didn't become him. His face was oval and distant like a pale moon at dusk and his eyes, pleasantly vague, peered mildly from deep-set sockets.

"I do declare!" Aunt Maudie said joyfully, "you're simply the most wonderful man, Dr. Desto! I just do declare!"

The little man smiled and inclined his head. With the shabby elbow of his black suit he rubbed a speck of dust from the large crystal ball on the card table.

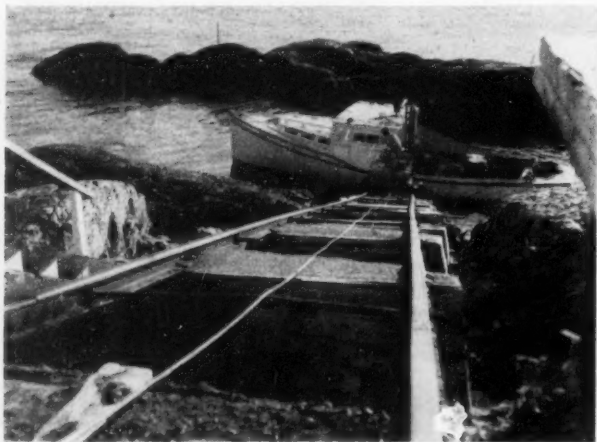
"Next," he said, like a barber.

"Juley, you go next!" Aunt Maudie said excitedly. "Dr. Desto is just plain wonderful! Continued on page 29





The Tuckers of Gannet Rock and their towering lonely home. Even the light blinking in their window means "keep away."



Their supply boat arrives twice a month—if the seas are calm.



Surrounded by the sea, the Tuckers must get fresh water delivered. And Margaret must plan meals two weeks ahead.

What It's Like to Live in a Lighthouse

In the Bay of Fundy, the Tuckers' nearest neighbors live 14 miles away—in another lighthouse. There's no grass to cut and the kids won't be hit by a truck but lightkeepers still feel there's no life that's lonelier

IT WAS the very devil of a winter's night in 1952. As Margaret Tucker, the wife of the lightkeeper on Gannet Rock, N.B., dried the supper dishes and watched her three small children playing on the kitchen floor, a cacophony of noises assailed her ears. Outside the wind shrieked as it churned up the Bay of Fundy. Sleet rattled windows and beat a tattoo on the wooden shingles of the lighthouse towering up against the side of her boxlike concrete home. Her husband Frank was up in the lighthouse lantern where a gigantic beacon winked its warning across black waters. Hard by, a foghorn moaned dismally. But the only sound that troubled Margaret Tucker was a persistent pounding

at the back door. Gannet is an island—a mere cluster of rocks—and the pounding was the sea around it, wanting in.

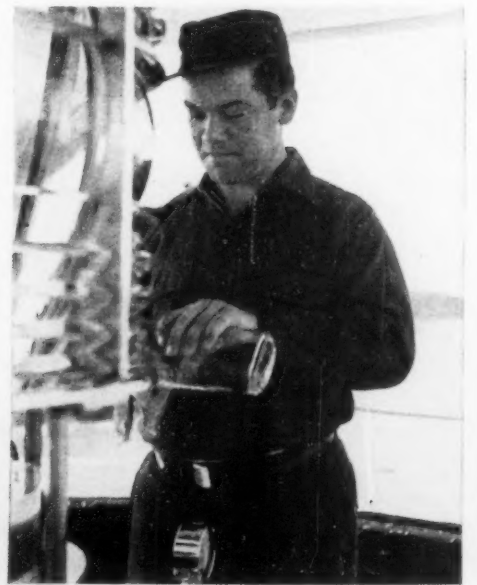
Suddenly, battered by a huge wave, the door flew open. A torrent of brine rushed into the kitchen, washed back like a breaker on a beach and—happily—slammed the door shut again. An inch of water covered the floor as the pounding began anew.

"Come," said Mrs. Tucker, lifting one child and shooing the others ahead of her, "we'll play in the living room till this blows over." And so, calmly, they did. Today, after seven years of life in a lighthouse, Margaret Tucker, a dark attractive woman of 30, concedes that it differs mightily from life

Story and pictures by David MacDonald



Ottawa Benson and his son Allison keep the light and two sheep at Machias Seal Island.



Bernie Deveau, keeper of the Swallowtail light, always keeps the beacon's lens spotless.

in her old home town, cosmopolitan Montreal.

Gannet Rock is half an acre of nothing thrusting up abruptly from the Bay of Fundy's depths, eight miles south of Grand Manan Island. Its rocks, rounded by eons of rubbing by the sea, were once a nesting place for gannets. But these birds have since gone, evidently convinced that so rugged an isle is not for them. There isn't a blade of grass on it, for there's not a trace of soil. It is ringed, instead, by seaweed and surf. Often, in angry moments, the sea sweeps over the entire island, casting spray a hundred feet in the air to the top of the lighthouse tower. The tower, like the Tuckers' home adjoining it, is anchored to the rocks by heavy steel cables.

In this unlikely setting Frank and Margaret Tucker have spent most of their married life, tending a light. They have a three-week vacation ashore but remain all the rest of the year on the rock, unable to roam more than a few paces in any direction from their doorstep.

They belong to a widely scattered community of almost 700 men, women and children who live in lighthouses on remote islands or frowning headlands around the Bay of Fundy. Gannet Rock happens to be the most isolated of them all.

Except in summer when the odd tourist journeys out to the island to have a close-up look at their light—a 1,000-watt bulb encased in a barrel-like lens—the Tuckers have no visitors except a supply ship which may or may not call twice a month, depending on the weather. They rely on the ship for everything from round steak and clothing to nose drops and drinking water. Three of their four children have known no other home but the lighthouse. When the fourth, eight-year-old Frank Jr., moved ashore to Grand Manan to go to school, he stared at a house and asked, "Where's the light?" He had trouble adjusting himself to schoolmates, too, for while the Tucker children see whales, seals, ships and storms from their home, they don't see other kids.

Their nearest neighbors are other lightkeepers—Ottawa Benson, 14 miles to the west on Machias Seal Island, and Harvey Benson, at Southwest Head, on Grand Manan. To them, the outside world is a voice on the radio and the truest word for their life is lonely. Even the light in their window means "Keep away."

Gannet Rock has been blinking its warning each night, sundown

Continued on page 24



Television has been a godsend for lonely lightkeepers like veteran Harvey Benson.

Gannet Rock, where Frank and Margaret Tucker have lived for seven years, covers half an acre and has no trace of soil. Their concrete home — sometimes washed by waves — adjoins the tower and is anchored by a steel cable.



THE WHITE AND THE GOLD



BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by

Franklin Arbuckle

The Outlawed Lords of the Forest

The hands of all men were against the *coureurs de bois*, but the women loved them even as they feared them. They laughed at the King's decrees, gained huge fortunes in the illicit fur trade and spent their wealth in riotous living

Part Ten

THERE had always been a conflict of interest over the fur trade. New France offered no other source of revenue to provide for the costs of administration and colonization, and so the proper method of encouraging the traffic was the problem which caused the most knitting of brows among the King's advisers and the issuance of more regulations than any other point. Unfortunately the departmental thinking ran in a single groove: to centralize the trading, to make the Indians bring their furs to the market, to "farm" the profits as the easiest way of assuring an adequate return to the royal treasury. This was the accepted method in France, where even the taxes were farmed. It may have been an easy way, but it was a costly one, as they would discover in France in time. The system was doomed to failure from the start in the New World.

In the first place, the Indians could not be depended upon to bring their furs to the French markets. During the Iroquois wars they were prevented from doing so by the craft of the warriors of the Long House patrolling the Ottawa, the one corridor open to Indians of the north and west. There were several years when practically no pelts reached Montreal and Three Rivers. Even after the epic sacrifice at the Long Sault it was only the opportune arrival of the fur brigade headed by two young adventurers named Radisson and Groseilliers which saved the situation. The ships going back to France that fall would have had no cargoes at all if the heaped-up canoes of the two rascallions (the official view of this enterprising pair) had not arrived just in time.

Even after peace had been brought about by Tracy's devastation of the Mohawk country, the

fur trade did not fall into an easy pattern. The Indians of the north and west still had a choice in the matter. The English had taken over the Dutch country and had entered into an alliance with the Iroquois. They were making shrewd efforts to divert the trade down the Hudson. Even more important was the fact that the English had become established on Hudson Bay, where they had three forts and the French had none.

It was no time for the French to sit back and wait for the fur to be laid on their doorsteps. The people of New France understood the situation. When they found that Versailles was stubbornly adhering to the old policy they took matters into their own hands. Disregarding the regulations which had been imposed to keep them from acting as individuals the young men began to go to the hunting fields themselves. The canoes would start in the



The restless and fearless coureur de bois was a remarkable woodsman. He built a better canoe than the Indians and was their match at hunting and trapping.

early fall, or in the spring if a distant destination was aimed at, and would not come back for eighteen months or longer. They began to construct small forts as rallying points and supply depots. The first was at Detroit. Then Michilimackinac became the point from which the free traders fanned out to cover the whole western territory.

Angry at this disregard of royal policy the King and his advisers strove to prevent the participation of individuals by still more rigorous regulations. The *coureur de bois* was declared a criminal. In an order bristling with despotic ire the King declared that anyone going into the woods without a permit should be whipped and branded for a first offense and sent to the galleys for life for a second.

The term *coureur de bois* was first used by the Récollet Gabriel Sagard-Théodat in his *Histoire du Canada* as early as 1615, and it seems to have been used in reference to the act of traveling. Probably the first official use of the term was in one of Talon's letters in 1670, and it was applied to those engaged in trading without permits. Later it took on a wider application and was used to mean all French Canadians who ventured out on the long trail.

Certain admirable qualities of the French people came out unmistakably in the *coureurs de bois*; their courage and *élan*, the combination of curiosity, restlessness and acquisitiveness which gave them the instinct for adventure, the capacity for adapting themselves to any environment. They were remarkable woodsmen. In fact, in some respects they began to excel the Indians as hunters and trappers. They even improved on that one great invention of the North American native, the bark canoe. The French, because of the need for space to pack the supplies of trade goods they took with them, were making their canoes longer than the Indian model. They achieved the perfect balance which made the frail craft easy to handle, as well as the lightness which cut its draw in the water to less than half a foot. It is said they could make from thirty to forty leagues a day, provided they had an unbroken stretch of water and the weather was good.

The first move made by the Crown to prevent this dabbling in free enterprise was to issue permits, or *congés* as they were generally called. This was a compromise measure; if the tendency to roam could not be eradicated, it must at least be controlled.

The competition for permits was so great that the prices paid for them went higher and higher, like stocks on a bull market. The high point seems to have been reached around eighteen hundred livres. Friends of high officials bought up permits and resold them secretly to the highest bidders.

Those who could not get permits went off without them. Illicit traders evolved a plan of staying out for four years at a stretch, counting on official forgetfulness to escape penalties on their return.



When the Montreal fur fair got under way the town was soon locked tight against the roistering bands of drunken Indians.

When it was found they could not count on leniency they established themselves in little settlements north of Montreal and Three Rivers and never came in to the larger posts at all. Here they became dangerous competitors because they could intercept the Indian canoes on their way to the bigger markets. They were always ready to trade brandy for the furs and this was an infallible lure. The pelts from these unofficial camps were smuggled out of the country. Ships' captains had false bottoms made in the hulls of their ships for the purpose.

The *coureurs de bois* capture the imaginations of all who read about them. They were a gay, devil-may-care lot, completely lacking in fear, singing their songs which were sometimes sad, like the Lament of Cadieux (an early version of that well-known ballad), but generally rollicking and wild. They were mercurial in the extreme, sometimes kind and sometimes cruel, sometimes loyal and sometimes treacherous. They believed in countless superstitions. The northern lights were the marionettes to them, and they were convinced that the skies lighted up and danced because they, the bold vagabonds of the woods and waterways, were filling the evening sky with their songs.

But there was another side to the picture. Many of the *coureurs de bois* were wild and dissolute, addicted to drink and so loose in their morals that they had Indian mates wherever they went. They debauched the natives with brandy and then threw the profits away in drunken carousing in the towns.

But the *coureur de bois* will never be forgotten, this daring cavalier of the bark canoe, paddle in hand, his pack at his feet, his heart filled with high courage, a song on his lips.

The King and his advisers tried to meet the challenge of the *coureur de bois* in many ways. The most successful and the most picturesque was the establishment of fur fairs. The largest of the fairs was, naturally, at Montreal, the meeting place of the rivers. The Indians came down the Ottawa in one huge flotilla, sometimes as many as four or five hundred canoes, a spectacle both exciting and frightening. The Indians were painted and feathered and, having always something of the actor in them, fully conscious of the drama of their arrival. There was much shouting and

Continued on page 45

Macleans Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

KNOCK ON WOOD: Danny Kaye returns to his top form as a bewildered ventriloquist who tangles hilariously with atom spies, Scotland Yard, Irish tenors, a Russian ballet troupe and a shapely psychiatrist in various European capitals. Highly recommended.

THE LONG WAIT: A murder mystery, based on one of Mickey Spillane's blood-and-lust novels. Anthony Quinn does as well as possible in the "hero" role, but the plot is fantastically involved and the odd camera angles are often more arty than artful.

BAIT: Yet another in writer-director-actor Hugo Haas' tedious explorations of sex. The primal urge and its violent consequences are exemplified here by an eccentric prospector, his mantrap of a wife, and his naive mining partner.

THE DIAMOND QUEEN: Unintentionally farcical in tone, this is a pulp-fiction adventure yarn about two French blades (Fernando Lamas and Gilbert Roland) who go gem hunting in India and meet a gorgeous jungle ruler (Arlene Dahl).

HELL BELOW ZERO: Alan Ladd joins a British whaling fleet to investigate the murder of his ladylove's father in the Antarctic. The ensuing events are full of routine heroics, but excellent Technicolor camerawork and some interesting documentary stuff on whaling help to pass the time.

THE RELUCTANT CASANOVA: A hearty British farce, a bit too strenuous in spots, about a dull bank clerk (George Cole) who enters a hypnotic trance and becomes an exuberant wolf. Alan Badel as the hypnotist and James Hayter as a doddering physician are very funny.

THE STRATFORD ADVENTURE: A top-notch featurette about Canada's Shakespeare Festival.

TAZA, SON OF COCHISE: A noble Apache prince (Rock Hudson) has a lot of trouble keeping the peace in the badlands. An average western, beautifully photographed.

Gilmour Rates

The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair.
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
The Boy From Oklahoma: Comedy. Fair.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Casanova's Big Night: Comedy. Poor.
Charge of the Lancers: War. Fair.
The Command: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope. Good.
Donovan's Brain: Horror. Fair.
The Eddie Cantor Story: Musical and biography. Fair.
Elephant Walk: Drama. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair.
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.
Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.
Jubilee Trail: Western. Poor.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Good.
King of the Khyber Rifles: Drama in

CinemaScope. Fair.
Knights of the Round Table: Drama in CinemaScope. Good.
The Living Desert: Wildlife. Good.
Long, Long Trailer: Comedy. Excellent.
Loop-hole: Crime drama. Good.
The Love Lottery: Comedy. Fair.
Ma and Pa Kettle at Home: Farm farce. Good of its type.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
The Naked Jungle: Adventure. Fair.
New Faces: CinemaScope revue. Dull in spots, hilarious in others.
Night People: Espionage drama in CinemaScope. Excellent.
Paratrooper: War drama. Fair.
Prince Valiant: Adventure. Fair.
Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair.
Rhapsody: Drama plus music. Fair.
Riot in Cell Block II: Prison drama. Excellent.
River of No Return: Western. Fair.
Rob Roy: Adventure. Fair.
Rose Marie: Musical. Fair.
Sins of Jezebel: Drama. Poor.
Three Young Texans: Western. Fair.
Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.
Wicked Woman: Sexy drama. Fair.
Yankee Pasha: Harem drama. Fair.



Doleful Danny Kaye is wonderful in a Russian ballet in *Knock on Wood*.

What It's Like to Live in a Lighthouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

to sunrise, since Christmas Day of 1831. Built by Saint John, N.B., merchants who wearied of losing ships and cargoes to the treacherous shoals that surround it, it's now part of the federal Department of Transport's vast network of light stations, fog alarms, sentry ships and bobbing buoys that steer shipping safely around Canada's jagged coastlines.

This network is at its thickest in the Bay of Fundy, one of the most ornery bodies of water anywhere. An arm of the Atlantic Ocean reaching up to separate Nova Scotia from New Brunswick, it has all the moody quirks that cause seamen to shudder: frequent, sudden and violent storms, murky fogs, swift-running tides, lurking reefs and shoals and a ragged rocky shore. Fundy's floor is littered with the bones of ships and men, its victims of more than 200 years.

In earlier times sailing on the Bay of Fundy was a dangerous operation. The lighthouses and their keepers have changed this so much that Sir James Bisset, retired captain of the Queen Elizabeth, has said, "The Bay of Fundy is as safe for navigation today as any body of water in the world." Three years ago a life-saving crew that operated out of Grand Manan for fifty years was disbanded. There just wasn't enough business.

Even among Fundy's lightkeepers, inured to isolation, Gannet Rock is regarded as a seagirt Siberia. Margaret Tucker knows the feeling. Until she met Frank, an RCAF radio instructor, and married him in Montreal in 1943, she had never seen a lighthouse—"except on postcards." To her a fog-horn was the sound on a radio commercial for soap. They spent three days of their honeymoon at a light station on Big Duck Island, near Grand Manan, where Frank had been an assistant keeper before the war.

"At night," she remembers, "we could see the light from Gannet Rock. I used to feel so sorry for the poor people who had to live 'way out there—practically nowhere."

Four years later, after Frank had tried vainly to make a go of radio repairing on Grand Manan, he got a lightkeeper's job. Soon a government boat put them ashore at their new home—Gannet. Margaret Tucker gazed up at the light tower, boldly striped in black and white and reminding her somehow of a prison convict; and at Gannet Rock itself, hemmed on all sides by the sea. Her reaction was immediate, vocal and typical of a city-bred girl of 23. She said, "Gawd, no!"

It was eight months before she got ashore again—to have her second baby, Linda, now six. And after that another 14 months crept by before she and Frank went ashore together for a holiday in Montreal. Since then she has come to terms with Gannet Rock.

"I used to hate every square inch of it," she says, "and if we were transferred ashore I'd still pack pretty fast. But you can get used to anything—even loneliness. Sure, sometimes we get bored—who doesn't—but most of the time we're too busy. I've got the family to look after and Frank has the light."

At first glance, looking after the light would seem to be the easier job. Frank, a boyish-looking man of 35 with a crooked grin and an overgrown crew-cut, has to see that his beacon is lit at dusk—a flick of the button and it begins flashing automatically—and

turned off at sunrise. Comes fog, another button sets his foghorn to blaring through the mist. The diesel generators that power the light, and the great boilers that belch compressed air into the foghorn must be kept in good order, for their failure could cost lives. Once a year the tower and Frank's dwelling need painting and repairing.

Because someone has to be on watch 24 hours a day, in case fog rolls in or the light goes out, Tucker has two assistants to spell him—his father Cecil, a grizzled one-time fisherman, and young Harvey Greenlaw, from Grand Manan.

In physical terms their job amounts to semiretirement. The toughest task is simply being there. On Gannet Rock there's nowhere to go and the sights to be seen there—playful porpoises cavorting, whales spouting, gulls diving at immense schools of herring, lightning dancing on the water and the ever-changing mood of the sea—soon become commonplace. It has none of the diversions of larger, less barren islands where lightkeepers can pick wild berries and dulse in their spare time, cultivate gardens, dig clams, collect gulls' eggs, gather queer-shaped pieces of driftwood for sale to tourists, or take their children swimming on the beaches. The opportunities for boredom are overwhelming.

"If there isn't any work to do," Frank says, "we damned well make some." With time hanging heavy on their hands, lightkeepers have been known to polish the lenses of their lights each day for ten days in a row, or to scrape, paint and repaint one door a dozen times. Hobbies, too, help to chase tedium. Some lightkeepers carve model ships or make novelties from seashells. Others study astronomy or whittle lobster pegs while their wives knit, hook rugs or crochet doilies that inevitably grow into tablecloths. One keeper spent years inventing perpetual motion machines that didn't work.

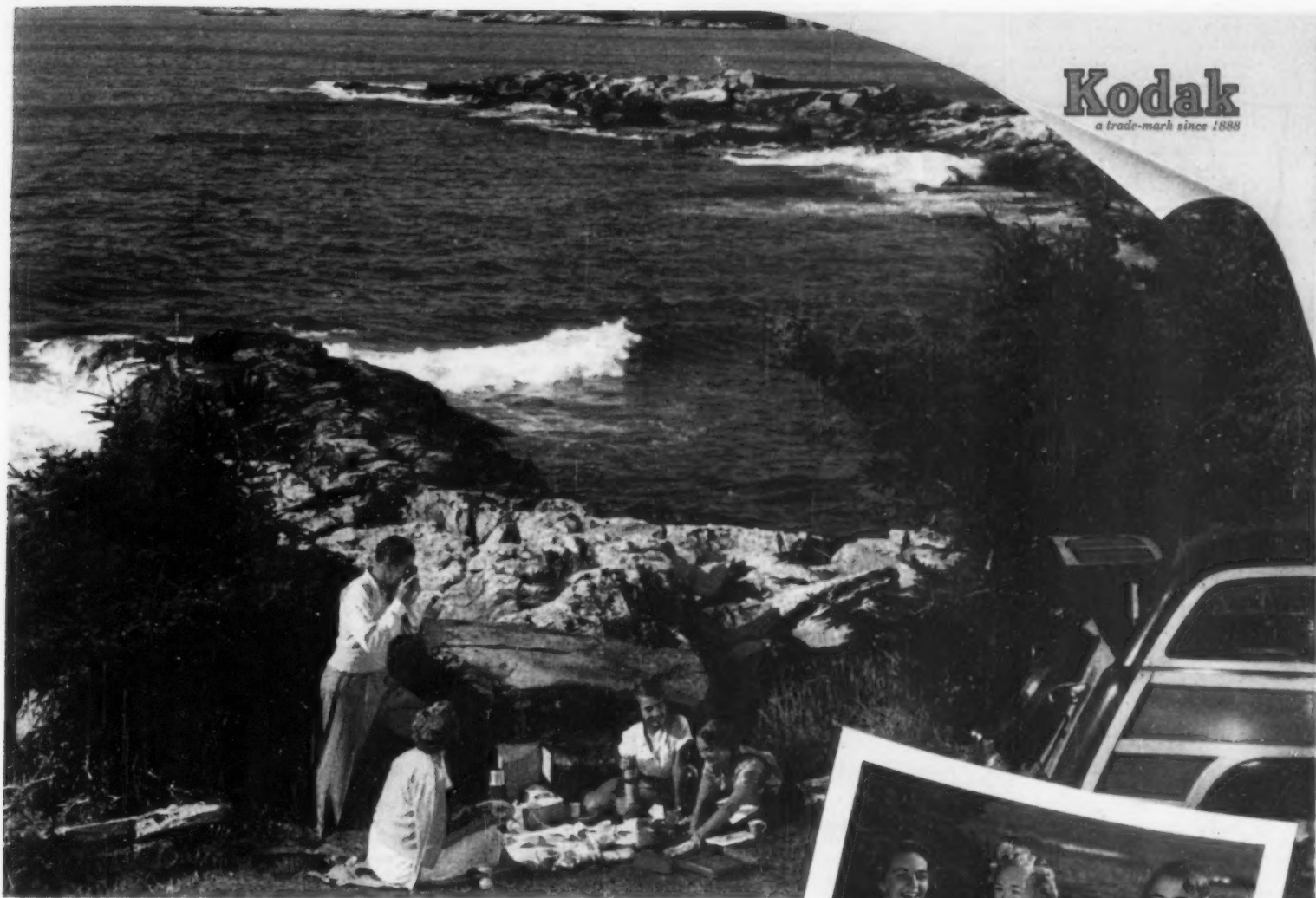
A Romance from a Bottle

Frank Tucker's hobby is amateur radio. At night, when the light has been lit and the children are asleep, he puts in hours searching the radio band for familiar call letters, and talks to hams in England, Australia and South America. When they're on watch through the night the men of Gannet Rock read, listen to all-night disc jockeys on neighboring New England radio stations, drink black coffee, play solitaire or write letters.

Writing is an old pastime on Gannet Rock. Eighty years ago an assistant keeper who was bored to the bicuspidis wrote a note. It said he was lonely and would like to get a letter. He put it into a bottle and tossed it into the sea. The bottle drifted ashore at Seal Cove, on Grand Manan, where it was found by a young girl. She sent him a note in reply. Two years later they were married.

In 1906 helper Charles Moran wrote a history of Gannet Rock, sealed it in a rum keg and cast it adrift. It landed in the Saint John Telegraph. Prefaced by "As I had a few leisure moments," it told, among other things, of how the first keeper, a Mr. Wilson, and his assistant ventured out from the rock in a dory in 1837 and were both drowned in a storm.

A year after Moran wrote his history, Gannet Rock witnessed one of Fundy's worst shipwrecks. On a dark rainy night the freighter Hestia, out of Glasgow, rammed into the Old Proprietor Ledges nearby. Thirty-three people were lost. The only survivors were six men who stuck with the ship and were



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Actual size of prints from square Kodacolor negatives



Got those cost-of-living blues?

Most people seem to
have them these days.



Prices have gone up
and up ...food, housing, just
about anything
you can think of.



But gasoline has tried hard
to keep its feet

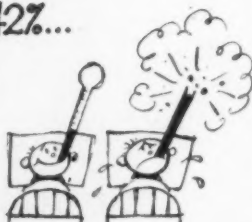
on the ground... and
with some success... Because
while wholesale prices
in general are up 119%...more
than double what
they were before the war...



Esso gasolines across Canada
are up only 42%...



about a third
as much as most
other things.



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

rescued by a life-saving crew from Seal Cove.

While Gannet Rock is an extremely solid chunk of real estate, it's easy to forget this when the waves come crashing over it. About ten years ago a new keeper went to the island with his wife. "Nice peaceful place," he told her. "You'll like it."

At last report he was still munching these words. Thirty solid days of storms, capped by a roaring hurricane that flooded their kitchen, sent them packing.

The Tuckers have had to bail out their kitchen several times. It's a disturbing experience but other threats trouble them more than the sea. One is fire. Until diesel generators were put on the island last year, they nervously fed kerosene to the beacon in their wooden lighthouse. "A fire here would be a big success," says Frank. "There's nowhere to run but into the sea."

The sea and the rocks make it unhealthy for the Tucker children to stray outside their home. Sometimes in winter they stay indoors for five and six weeks at a time. Only in summer, when storms are fewer, do they get out regularly to play in a small walled quadrangle beside the house.

"Lighthouse families always seem to be close together," Margaret Tucker says quietly. "Not just physically either. We feel close, like a family should. Our house is more than just a place to eat and sleep. It's the centre of our lives. Some of my happiest moments have been here, in winter, when it's blowing hard outside and we're all cooped up together."

The isolation that knits a family together also, paradoxically, breaks it up, as it did last fall when the Tuckers stood on the rocks and waved good-bye to eight-year-old Frank, their eldest son, who was bound for his grandmother's home on Grand Manan and school. "We hated to see him go," Frank says, "but what could we do? He has to get an education and—almost as important—learn to get along with other kids."

Though most lighthouse families are isolated geographically, they keep in touch with the outside world. Mail, magazines and newspapers come to Gannet Rock with the supply ship. The Tuckers have a radio and Margaret, like mainland housewives, suffers daily with soap-opera heroines. A radio-telephone linking them with the New Brunswick mainland and other lighthouses is meant for official business only. But it's nobody's secret that on the odd night when one lonely lightkeeper calls another for an unofficial chat nobody hangs up.

Mrs. Tucker uses it also to order groceries from Harvey Benson, a Grand Manan lightkeeper who, in turn, relays her shopping list to a grocer. Here arises another problem that would tax any housewife. Since the supply ship comes only twice a month, she has to plan all meals more than two weeks ahead. If she forgets something, they go without. "I forgot salt once," Margaret recalls, laughing, "so Frank boiled down sea water. I'll never forget salt again."

Supplies for Gannet Rock and neighboring Machias Seal Island, 14 miles away, are ferried out by Weldon Ingalls, a 37-year-old Seal Cove lobster fisherman. Though his trips, paid for by the Department of Transport, are tentatively scheduled for the first and 15th of the month, storms may delay him as much as two weeks. Ingalls needs calm water to land at Gannet and even then it can be hazardous. A few years back a fishing boat brought Mrs. Tucker's grandmother to the island for a visit. She stepped cautiously into a dory, thence

to shore. Then, in rapid order, her trunk was lost overboard and a sudden wave sat her down. She hasn't been back since.

Worse than being unable to land on an isolated island is being unable to get off it in a hurry. Last spring Allison Benson, an assistant on Machias Seal Island, acquired a cranky appendix, indicating a hasty trip to hospital. But storms came up. It was three days before they let up and Allison, by then a stretcher case, could be taken to the mainland. He was operated on just in time, the doctor said. When seas are rough, broken arms and nagging toothaches become major ordeals. On each of the three occasions when Margaret Tucker has gone ashore to have babies she has played it safe by leaving two months early.

Occasionally when Weldon Ingalls brings supplies to Gannet Rock he takes one of Tucker's assistants ashore for a month. For every three months they spend on the island they're entitled to one off. Frank, who earns about \$3,500 a year tending Gannet light, takes his family to Montreal for a radical change of scenery on his annual vacation.

In mid-December Ingalls goes into the woods, fells a spruce tree and takes it out to Gannet Rock. "That's when we feel loneliest," says Margaret Tucker. "It's Christmas and we'd love to be somewhere with people, to go walking in the snow and see some bright lights—the kind they have on St. Catherine Street."

A Duck Beat the Glass

When winter melts into spring the Tuckers see no bursting buds or green grass. To them spring is warmer weather, more fog and the sight of brightly painted lobster boats and great flights of birds winging back from the south. Many of the birds get no farther than Gannet. "They get in the beam," says Frank Tucker, "and fly right at the lantern. Some mornings, spring or fall, we find 200 to 300 birds lying dead around the tower." Once, before Tucker's time, a black duck flew at the lantern. It crashed through plate glass—three eighths of an inch thick—and lived to fly off again.

So powerful is the Gannet Rock beacon that when it flashes to the west on a clear night it lights up the home of Ottawa Benson, the keeper of Machias Seal Island, 14 miles away. Benson is a slight balding man of 46 whose face is creased and browned from years of squinting seaward. He is a great-grandson of Walter B. McLaughlin, a legendary figure among lightkeepers. Old W. B. kept the light at Southwest Head, on Grand Manan, and like many a lightkeeper he found that to keep from mental dry rot it was best to keep busy. This he did by reading everything from grammar textbooks to tomes on canon law. Though his formal education had ended abruptly in the fifth grade, he taught himself Greek. At night he pored over the Iliad by lantern light. He came to be regarded as one of the best-read men in New Brunswick, and one of the most patriotic. When a son was born to him on July 1, 1867—the first Dominion Day—he named him Ottawa.

Every July 1 thereafter, W. B. fired a three-round salute from a cannon, which was ordinarily shot off only as a fog warning in those days, foghorns not yet having come into general use. On Ottawa's tenth birthday, and the nation's, Ottawa stuffed the muzzle of the canon with sod. He did it to produce a bigger bang, the boy explained later. At high noon W. B. strode to the gun, shouted "Long live Canada!" and

fired. Miraculously, in the ensuing explosion which blasted the cannon into a million bits, no one was hurt.

Ottawa Benson, a grandson of the 1867 Ottawa, became a lightkeeper in 1944, neither for tradition's sake nor because he eschews society. "I was a lobster fisherman," he explains frankly, "and business was bad." Ever since then he has been living on Machias Seal, a small crescent-shaped island off the coast of Maine. While not so bald as Gannet Rock it's a bleak mound of rock and grass against which the wind whistles eerily when it blows off the water.

When the Canada-U.S. border was defined, and the Grand Manan archipelago was confirmed as part of Canada, Machias Seal was somehow overlooked. Thereafter Britain and the U. S. squabbled over it for years, and the ownership is still uncertain, but Canada maintains the light.

Ottawa Benson is quite content with his small domain. "It may be a bit lonely at times," he says, "but it's steadier work than fishing and I'm my own boss." Last fall Ottawa bought a home at Seal Cove and moved his wife and four children ashore. Now he and his 19-year-old son, Allison, live alone on the island, with a dog, two sheep and thousands of birds for company. Machias Seal, a federal bird sanctuary, is alive in summer with gulls, puffins, swallows, sandpipers and stormy petrels—and the naturalists who come from far off to study them.

"I never had much use for birds until I came out here," Ottawa admits, "but now in winter everything seems dead when they're gone and we look forward to seeing them in spring. They make one hell of a noise—and that's a change."

Besides his home, Benson owns a trim little speedboat that takes him ashore to visit his family and a new-model car to drive when he gets there. Lightkeepers have little trouble saving money; their homes are rent-free, many grow enough vegetables for their own use, and catch fish and lobsters in the sea. A few keep cows, hogs and chickens.

Unlike the Gannet lighthouse, which is painted with perpendicular black and white stripes, Benson's tower on Machias Seal is entirely white. There are other differences. Gannet light shows a half-second flash, an eclipse of two seconds, another half-second flash, then twelve seconds of darkness. Machias Seal merely flashes every three seconds. Similarly, the two stations have distinct fog signals, varying in the length of their throaty blasts and the silence between them.

These differences are all part of the language of the sea. Lights and foghorns aren't merely warnings; they're also landmarks, each with a set of characteristics as obvious as Bing Crosby's ears. Passing within sight of Gannet light at night, a skipper can identify it, and thus check his position, by timing flashes and eclipses for one minute. He can also check his position by timing the blasts of a foghorn. Two lights on the east coast may have the same flashing signal. But not two in any one area. It's assumed that a skipper off Grand Manan knows that he is not off, say, Cape Breton.

Ten miles across the water from Machias Seal, at the southern end of Grand Manan, Southwest Head light squats on the edge of a jagged 500-foot cliff, scalloped with surf. Here, where Walter B. McLaughlin read Homer in another day, Harvey Benson, who is not related to Ottawa, now tends the light—and watches Space Cadet and Senator McCarthy on his television set.

Benson, a stocky red-faced man who has been a lightkeeper for 25 of his 41

years, speaks with the New England drawl of Grand Manan, as distinctive as its famous smoked herring. ("What with mah choahs, the TV and the doag bahkin' every moanin', a man don't hahdly git any sleep.")

During the first four years of World War II Benson and his wife Thelma had Machias Seal Island all to themselves. Usually they worked in shifts but once Harvey stayed on the job five days and nights in a row. Often their relief ship came only once a month and they were reduced to skimpy rations. But there was a cloak-and-dagger

element to their work. Every evening they received coded radio messages telling them whether to light their lamp that night. With German U-boats skulking around the Bay of Fundy convoy lanes, beacons were sometimes blacked out.

Lightkeepers like Tucker and Benson used to have to pay assistants out of their own wages but now the government foots the bill. Their homes are rent-free and heating, electricity and all supplies for maintaining the station are paid for by the department. The keeper buys food and clothing and since

he can grow or catch much of his food, and doesn't have to worry about his appearance, his expenses are low. But keeping a light is no cinch. Frank McKinnon, the department's superintendent of lights for the Bay of Fundy district, knows the hardships it involves. "We try to do all we can for these men," he says. "They don't lead any part of an easy life."

From an office in Saint John's grimy old Customs Building, McKinnon, a chunky quiet Scot of 48, keeps in close touch with 158 lightkeepers spotted along the 1,000 miles of coastline in his



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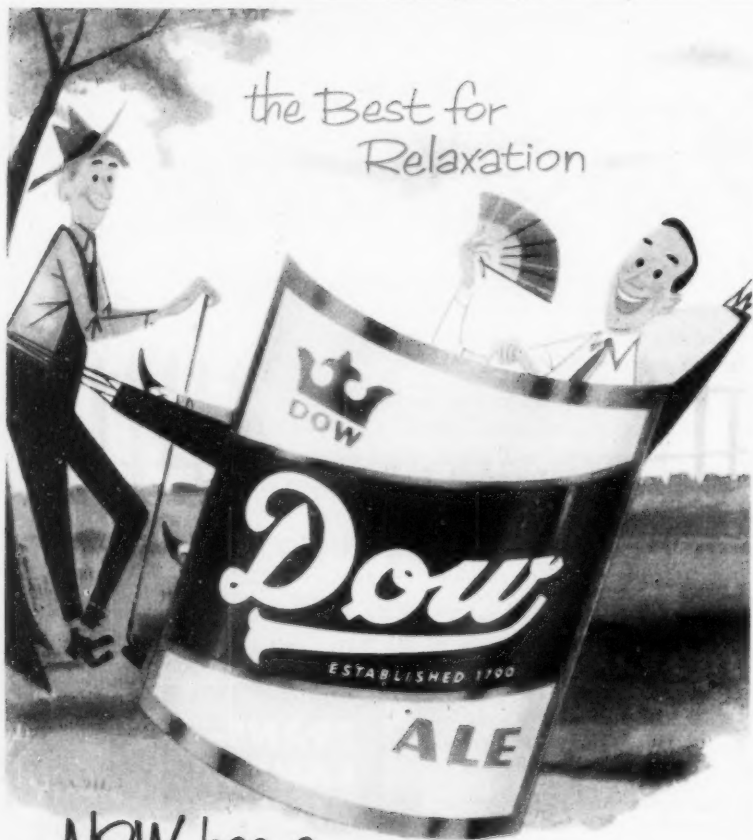
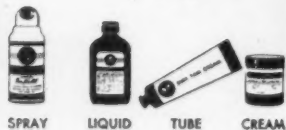
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district. Daily by radio, phone or radio-telephone, they report to him on weather conditions, request supplies, help or—in some cases—transfers.

He also handles job applications. At present there is a waiting list for most lights, Gannet and Machias Seal excepted. "When times get a little tough and jobs are scarce," McKinnon says, "a lot of people decide they want to keep a light. We look them over pretty carefully. It's a vital job and our men have to be dependable." Applicants who merely want to get away from nagging wives, escape the H-bomb or recuperate from nervous breakdowns are politely turned down.

Red is to the Right

Besides the lights and fog alarms tended by people, McKinnon has a handful of shore beacons that work automatically. Around the Fundy coast, too, are 1,400 steel buoys, stakes and other markers designed to direct marine traffic. Buoys are round, conical or tanklike. Anchored to vast slabs of granite, some are no larger than a barrel, while others are as big as a garage. They're expensive things, too. A gas and whistle buoy, equipped with a lantern and whistle that shrills when the buoy rocks, costs as much as a Cadillac.

It's an old saw that deep-sea mariners, for whom the oceans hold no terrors, gnaw their nails when they arrive in sight of land. Buoys, with their unique sign language, help to reassure them. Red conical buoys, for instance, mark the starboard side of a channel. Black cans indicate the port side.

At Saint John the transport department has two elderly ships, the Dollard and the Franklin. Nautical trouble shooters, they freight supplies to lighthouses, set out buoys and round up strays that have been cut loose by storms. Once a month one of them steams down to the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, hauling provisions to the Lurcher lightship. Stubby, barnacle-studded, this sea-going lighthouse rides at anchor year after year 18 miles off Yarmouth, N.S. Her lights, atop both masts, gleam through the night like a cat's eyes, warning ships away from

the treacherous Lurcher shoals.

Another stop for the supply ship is Bon Portage Island, off the southwest coast of Nova Scotia. It's the home of Canada's best-known lighthouse dwellers, Morrill Richardson and his wife Evelyn, an ex-schoolmarm turned author. The Richardsons had been living in happy obscurity on Bon Portage for 16 years when Evelyn decided—with no previous literary experience—to write a book about it. Her book, *We Keep a Light*, won the Governor-General's award for creative nonfiction in 1945 and became a Canadian best-seller.

In it Mrs. Richardson described their old oil-burning beacon and the antique foghorn they had to crank by hand whenever ships came near. Soon after, coincidence or not, the Department of Transport installed an electric light and an automatic fog-alarm on Bon Portage.

Morrill Richardson is still tending his light and Evelyn is still writing. Last year she produced her first novel, *Desired Haven*, which won the \$1,000 Ryerson fiction award.

Though they are isolated, lack many of the comforts of modern living and must work hard at filling in long lonely hours, most lighthouse dwellers are happy tending their lights. Records show that those who don't like it, don't stick at it; those who remain grow deeply rooted to their rocks and their islands and the sea around them. But they have a hard time convincing outsiders—city folks who feed on entertainment—that they aren't slightly mad. Recently Cecil Tucker, the elderly assistant keeper at Gannet Rock, was coming ashore for a holiday when he got to talking about strange sights.

About a year ago, he said, he and his son Frank were keeping watch around 3 a.m. when they saw a round greenish glow that hovered over the water, then shot ahead. In fits and starts it circled the island.

"Flying saucers," he explained gravely.

Had they reported them? Mr. Tucker snorted eloquently. "What's the use?" he said. "People'd only say we been living too long in a lighthouse." ★

The Best Way to Murder Aunt Maudie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"I'm going to live to be ninety-six! Isn't that nice, Jules?"

Nobody would commit her to an asylum, Jules thought despairingly. Not with all her money. He glared at Aunt Maudie.

Aunt Maudie weighed a plump 159. She gushed a great deal. Several times a day she took pills and miracle drugs for she worried about her health and always had been, she insisted, delicate. She just loved fortune tellers for they told her she was healthy as a horse, which she was, and that she was a fine judge of human nature, as well as being compassionate and generous to a fault.

"Sit right down and get your fortune told," she told her nephew, pulling him off balance and spilling his Martini. "You've been looking a little peaked lately."

"Yes," said the little man. "Do sit down, Mr. Wyckson."

"Let go of my wrist," Jules snapped at his aunt. "Where do you get these phonies?"

"Jules Wyckson! I'm ashamed of you," Aunt Maudie said. She patted the little man on his shoulder. "Pardon my nephew, Dr. Desto. He's such a cynic. Even when he was in school."

"I know," said Dr. Desto. "Can't say as I blame him."

"Oh hell," Jules growled, pushing through the ring of onlookers. "Let me out of here."

AND HE WALKED AWAY by himself into the early evening trying to organize his thoughts. I couldn't put poison in her pills, he thought. That's the first thing they'd check. He wished he were more of a detail man for, he understood, details were quite important in a matter like this. He decided to have another drink and walked into the big house where the bar, built like an ocean-going liner, was located in one corner of the rumpus room. Aunt Maudie followed him.

"I do wish you would be nice to Dr. Desto," she said. "I think you hurt his feelings."

"Great Scott," Jules said, "these fakes are going to take you for a real ride one of these days." He resented this.

"The very idea! Did you know that Dr. Desto won't take a cent from me above his silly little regular fee? I tried to give him a bonus."

"Bah."

"Well, he won't. He said his professional ethics prohibited it. That's why he doesn't advertise either, and I was very lucky to hear about him. And then you have to be so rude."

"Bah," said Jules, walking away and leaving his aunt standing there saying tsk, tsk.

Jules walked down the long driveway, past the pool, through the gardens, around the greenhouse, down the gravel path to the groves and headed for the far bench. Dr. Desto was seated on the bench in the moonlight. He had gotten rid of the Mexican hat and a soft coal-black hat was square on his head, and the moonlight made soft shadows on his face.

"What are you doing here?" Wyckson demanded.

"Oh," said Dr. Desto, "just sitting in the moonlight. I thought maybe you'd like your fortune told. No extra charge, you know."

"Get the hell off this property."

"Maybe you'd like your fortune told some other time," said Dr. Desto, handing Jules a business card. "Rather



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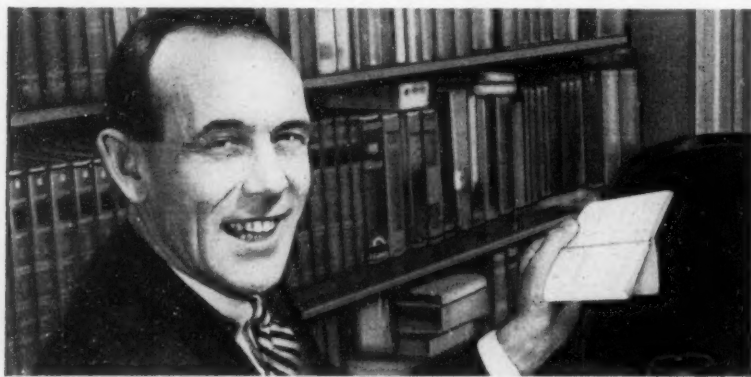
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And I get more and more apprehensive,
When the best things in life may be free
But the things that I want are expensive.

P. J. BLACKWELL

helpful in some cases."

Jules crumpled the card and threw it down angrily. He said, "Get out of here! Now!"

"I don't see why you're so angry with me," Dr. Desto said sadly. "I never really did anything to you, you know."

"Get going, you old fake," Jules glared.

The small man got up resignedly and said, "In special cases I drum up business this way."

"I'm warning you," Jules gritted.

So Dr. Desto shuffled off down the path, a roundish little old man carrying a round crystal ball and, Jules noted with belated rage, a tumbler full of Aunt Maudie's rum. Pretty soon he was gone.

Then a brilliant ray of inspiration flooded into the dark brooding of Jules Wyckson's mind, a veritable flash of genius illuminated his dilemma and he stood up and clapped his hands together, once, in exuberance. The sharp sound echoed in the night.

"I've got it!" Jules exclaimed aloud. "I'll make it look like that tramp fortune teller killed my aunt!"

With the heavy brass poker near the fireplace by the wall safe! By golly, Jules exulted, that's it! He snapped his lighter into flame and found the crumpled card without any trouble.

The card proclaimed: "Dr. Montague Hiram Desto. Sees All. Knows All. Past, Present, Future. Office Hours: 9 a.m.—4 p.m. Weekdays, 10 a.m.—1 p.m. Saturdays. 142 Fourth Street, Suite 309. Special Rates for Parties."

Jules tucked the card in his wallet and walked back down the path, hashing over his plan, and went to bed. He was up early the next afternoon and he borrowed one of the convertibles from Aunt Maudie and drove downtown.

DR. DESTO'S SUITE was down in the hock-shop district. Jules made his way down the littered sidewalk, his thin nose wrinkled in distaste.

His soft Panama hat was tilted down over his receding hairline and the gold cigarette holder was clenched firmly in his bridgework. He was careful with his perforated soft-leather shoes as he made his way around a pile of debris. (Two hoodlums lounging in a doorway watched longingly after him but the afternoon sun shone bright and clear and alley slugging was a pursuit confined to the night.) A fine location, this dump, Jules thought sardonically, as he made his way around a sleeping man on the sidewalk. He found the address. It was a rickety building and he climbed the crooked stairs.

I've got a fine plan here, he cautioned himself once more, and I must be exceedingly careful. He knocked on the door of Suite 309.

"Come in," said a voice, rather thickly. Jules went in. Dr. Desto was seated in a rocker at a teetery table. The crystal ball was on the table.

The room was nearly bare except for a cot, another rocker, a framed license on the wall, a hot plate, assorted books, cans and bottles and a stuffed swordfish, about five feet long, in one corner.

"Left by the previous tenant, a taxidermist," said Dr. Desto. "I

always feel called upon to explain that swordfish. Well, Mr. Wyckson, you're fine—how'm I?"

Jules stared blankly.

"A little joke in the profession," Dr. Desto said apologetically, taking a drink of rum. *This old geezer is half whiffed on rum now*, Jules thought. That might make it all easier.

Dr. Desto had on his black hat and his black suit and a coal-black tie. His dark eyes were distant. He scratched his red nose casually with the tip of a stubby thumb and asked, "I can be of assistance?"

"Well," said Jules, "I came for that fortune telling you mentioned."

"We'll get right to work, then," Dr. Desto said, with a half-hearted try at briskness. "What tense were you interested in?"

"Let's see," Jules was thinking. "Get this old boy out to the house, use the poker on Aunt Maudie, then on the good doctor here. Call police. Show them the rifled safe, the stuff in crystal-ball's pocket. Everybody knows Aunt Maudie would come to this with those fortune tellers. Tell how I overpowered the murdering intruder. Look bereaved. Pose for press pictures. Yep, that should do it, all right, all right."

"I asked what tense interested you," Dr. Desto repeated.

"Oh," Jules said, blinking back to the present. "Oh, pardon me. What tense? I don't believe—oh, of course. Well, tell me about the future."

"That will be a dollar fifty," Dr. Desto said, and took the money. He rubbed the crystal ball with a handkerchief. He blew a speck of dust from the glassy surface. It was about the size of a bowling ball, but slightly flattened on the top and bottom so it wouldn't roll around. Light made bubbly blue gleams deep inside it. It was crystal clear. Dr. Desto moved it to the exact centre of the table and peered at it.

"You came on a bad day," said Dr. Desto. "For some reason the reception isn't as good on clear days. That's odd, isn't it? And there's a quack foot doctor upstairs who has a vibrating machine which doesn't do the reception pattern much good. Sometimes I wonder how I got into this business."

Dr. Desto jiggled the crystal ball impatiently, and struck it sharply on the side with the palm of his hand. "Ah," he said, "here we go."

"Why don't we drop over to my house?" Jules asked innocently.

Dr. Desto was intent. "Hm," he said. "Next Saturday's roller derby. Drop over to your house? Why, sir?"

"Oh, we could have a couple of drinks," Jules said casually. "Thought I might have some friends over for a group séance, or whatever you call it."

Dr. Desto eyed Jules with cocked eyebrows.

"Cash in advance," Jules said and, becoming more uncomfortable under the enigmatic gaze, then "Uh, how does that thing work? The crystal ball."

Dr. Desto grew enthusiastic and said, "Now that you ask, I'll show you. Very interesting process, I've always thought. It works sort of like television, but on an entirely different principle, I've always suspected. Quite difficult to explain to the layman, really. Watch now."

Jules made an idle pretense of staring at the ball, but actually he was weighing details.

Dr. Desto said, "The first thing you do is to think very hard about what you want to know. Then you watch for the answer. For instance, I'll simply wonder about what would happen if we went over to your aunt's house."

Disinterest melted suddenly from Jules's face, which turned rather white. Several of his lower vertebrae chilled simultaneously. In the flattened top surface of the crystal ball he saw himself—creeping across the rumpus room carrying a poker. Plain as day.

"Wait," Jules choked. "Quit! That's impossible. Turn it off!"

The chill climbed jerkily up his spine.

Dr. Desto looked around with concern and the images, or impressions, flickered, faded and were gone. It was hard for Jules to tell whether they had been images, now that they were gone, or impressions in his own mind—it was as hard for him to decide that as it is difficult to determine if you think in words or not. Jules Wyckson was very pale, with a light-green tint to his alarmed, drawn countenance.

"Damn thing works," he muttered.

He wanted it. In this crystal ball lay opportunity, the answer to all his problems. He could see that. A house didn't have to fall on him. Oh, how he wanted it!

"May—may I try it?" he asked.

"Sure," Dr. Desto said, and hiccuped. His eyes were heavy-lidded and his face was flushed; his tongue was thick.

"I think I shall—I think I shall rest my eyes briefly," said Dr. Desto, sagging forward on the table and going quietly and instantly to sleep. The rum bottle was empty.

Eagerly Wyckson hitched his chair up to the table a little closer. He thought long and hard about something to think about and then, hitting upon an appropriate subject, wondered what steps his second wife was taking about the alimony.

IMEDIATELY she flashed on, bright and clear except for a little fuzziness around the edges. She was talking to that judge who had been so nasty. Jules shuddered slightly. But that was all he needed to know—he could work the crystal ball. He got next Wednesday's headlines to make absolutely sure, and then pure undiluted joy welled up within him. I can work the crystal ball, he said over and over. I can work it.

"To hell with Aunt Maudie," he said. "I could buy and sell a dozen like her!"

Wrapping the crystal ball in a copy of the editorial page of the New York Times, which he found under the swordfish, Jules Wyckson tiptoed out the door with his treasure. Dr. Desto snored peacefully. *The world is mine*, Jules thought in delight. Now I'll show 'em. He was relieved that he didn't have to bother murdering Aunt Maudie; things were finally breaking his way.

"Juley, where have you been?" Aunt Maudie called from the library. "We were going to the club for the Mirksons' all-day brunch, did you forget? Hurry, it's nearly five."

"I'm not going," Jules said, and finally herded his aunt out of the house, still protesting. Then he was alone . . .

First, to savor the fullness of possession without hurry, he mixed a shaker of Martinis, put cellophane straws in it, sipped luxuriously, and just looked at his crystal ball. Finally he could wait no longer.

He moved the crystal ball to the exact centre of the polished library

desk. The big house was quiet. Jules Wyckson looked into his crystal ball.

It worked fine. He got the fight which was to start at 8.30 that night. "Um, by golly," he said. "An upset. Wilson all the way."

"Hello, Cuffs?" he said on the telephone to the gambler named Barnes. "Never mind the threats. You'll get the money tomorrow. That's right, tomorrow. Now get me loaded on this—Wilson by a TKO in the sixth. Of course I'm good for it, do you think I've lost my mind?"

He hung up, rather irritated because

Barnes would only advance him two thousand, but the odds would be immense. But there were other events, other bookies; he got down good on a dog named Odif and got loaded on the ball game, the Packers 7 to 3.

That would be enough for tonight, he decided. Oh, the confidence, the surety of it all!

The feeling of power surged through him. I do this so well, he reflected. His eyes glittered, there in the gloomy library.

But he was not too buoyant to remain realistic to any extent. For

what of the old man he took the ball from?

He felt it was somewhat unfortunate, in a way, the manner in which that problem must be resolved, for it was rather messy he saw as the solution unfolded in the crystal ball. But things which were to happen were to happen.

He saw himself shoot the old man in the right temple, when the old man came that night for his crystal ball, and who can change the future as seen in advance? Not me, Jules said, that's out of my line; so he got the 32-calibre revolver from the study and put it on

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the desk right next to the crystal ball. Twilight came and dark. A pale moon climbed the dusk. Jules Wyckson waited excitedly for the hours to pass—he had never felt so alert and exhilarated. He passed the time by watching varied and entertaining affairs in the crystal ball. There were no barriers, he found, to what he could see.

He chuckled aloud occasionally, and the throaty noise filled the big library. His eyes were shiny, beady, as he sat there.

Oh, he thought, I do this so well—I've always needed a crystal ball.

Once, for no specific reason he could think of, he threw back his head and roared a long high-keyed series of laughter peals. Much later, the phone rang. The dog named Odif had run last, not first.

The phone rang back almost immediately before he could actually comprehend.

"The Packers lost 7 to 3," a grating voice said. "See you early, Buster, and have it ready. No excuses this time."

And Wilson lost by a TKO in the ninth. Jules Wyckson, his eyes unbelieving, let the receiver fall back, clicking off the metallic warning voice. The old man, Jules Wyckson hissed.

The old man is doing this to me. I'll kill him, Wyckson whimpered, pulling unknowingly at his hair. I'll kill that old man.

EVERYTHING CAME OUT backwards, he said to himself, and his whimpers were guttural in his throat; everything came out backwards. The thought churned dull rage in his brain.

His mind was a mass of hate for all the things gone wrong, forever wrong, when he saw Dr. Desto standing just inside the library door.

Jules Wyckson screamed in his rage and the scream ricocheted through the house.

"You did it!" Jules screamed. "I didn't do anything," said the little man. "Not me."

All the pent-up frustration in his life, the scalding memories of things gone wrong, plans awry, always wrong, the things which never worked out right—all of these things boiled in Jules Wyckson's head as he snatched up the revolver and aimed it at the old man's right temple.

"You made everything backwards," Jules screamed.

Dr. Desto walked over the thick rug to the polished desk, casually ignoring the revolver. He looked blandly at the twisted face of Jules Wyckson, then down at the crystal ball.

"Backwards?" asked Dr. Desto, picking up his crystal ball and inspecting the surface which had been on the hard desk, looking for chips or mars. "Why, I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

And Jules Wyckson understood all at once what he meant. As he stood there leveling the pistol he understood completely and thoroughly and irrefutably.

They'll wonder if I lost my mind, Jules thought almost idly—they always wonder that in suicides. And, as the old man walked out the door and down the driveway, Jules Wyckson shot himself in the left temple.

"Poor fellow," the old man said, as he walked into the night, when the shot blasted out behind him. In a way it seemed a shame, but of course it couldn't be helped.

"No wonder everything was backwards," the old man said, and he shook his head a little. "He had it upside down."

The old man vanished into the darkness and then everything was quiet around the big house, except for the frogs which croaked for rain beneath the cool pale moon. ★

The Amazing Career of Clare Hincks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

make ends meet even though Hincks had them on the part-time payroll of the CMHA. A crisis was reached when Yale University offered to hire the entire Toronto team at twice their salaries. Hincks met the threat by advising the scientists to beg, borrow or steal all the cash they could. With \$12,000 in his pocket, he went to Montreal to see his friend, J. G. McConnell, the publisher and financier. "I have \$12,000 here belonging to some of my young scientists," explained Hincks. "You're supposed to be the wisest investor in Canada. I want you to take this money and increase its value quickly." Within six months McConnell parlayed the \$12,000 to \$50,000. The psychologists stayed in Canada.

According to Hincks, a good part of his success has been due to a remarkable partnership he has had with Marjorie Keyes for the past 38 years. She came to work for him as a young nurse and since then has become, in Hincks' words, "my super-secretary, my business partner and my psychiatrist." Her contacts and experience rank her as one of Canada's top authorities in the field of mental health.

Hincks' deeds and words during the past forty years have exerted such a tremendous influence that it is no exaggeration to term him one of our greatest living citizens. When he appeared on the Canadian scene in the 1910s, mental illness was a loathsome shameful disease; mental hospitals were secretive "lunatic asylums"; mental patients were doomed to die "mad"; mental hospitals were staffed by muscle-bound goons who often shackled and beat their patients. Psychiatry was the closed secret of a few "asylum" doctors and there were no psychiatric clinics. The mentally retarded were ignored; they became prostitutes, thieves, the victims of venereal disease or indigents. Nobody was thinking about mental health in a positive way or the rich benefits which might be harvested from research.

More than any other Canadian, Clare Hincks changed all that.

In 1910, when he was an impoverished young doctor, he persuaded the Toronto Star to assign him to a medical convention in Buffalo where a new technique for measuring intelligence was to be introduced to North America by a couple of European scientists. Returning to Toronto, he began using these procedures on children, thus becoming the first Canadian to use the IQ test. The acceptance of the tests, along with many years of crusading, led to the establishment of scores of training schools and special classrooms for the mentally retarded.

In 1917, Hincks and Dr. C. K. Clarke opened the first psychiatric clinic in Canada; today there are 77 of them. He started the Canadian Mental Health Association in 1918 and for several years went storming through mental hospitals from coast to coast in an effort to obtain more humane treatment for the patients by educating, pleading, flattering and sometimes threatening government officials and hospital authorities.

For eight years Hincks was director of the American equivalent of the CMHA, thus making him responsible for progress in mental health in the area between the Mexican border and the Arctic Circle. During this period he commuted between New York and

Toronto. On the New York-Toronto run he generally carried a fat cheque from some American charitable foundation to finance some current project. On the Toronto-New York trip he invariably had hidden in his luggage several bottles of the finest Canadian rye whisky which he used to entertain his prohibition-starved benefactors in New York. "Progress in mental health owes a great deal to smuggled Canadian whisky," Hincks admits without shame.

Before Hincks, psychiatrists were almost exclusively devoted to the treatment of the psychotic and neurotic. Hincks hammered away at the necessity of preventing mental illness and was the first man in the world to popularize the term mental health. He obtained the funds to start a project which later developed into the Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto. He placed in charge of it William Blatz, a young Canadian doctor who was studying the behavior of rats at the University of Chicago as part of a PhD course in psychology. The Rockefeller Foundation, which was paying the shot, was doubtful about Blatz because of his youth and lack of experience. "If he's your choice then heaven help you!" they warned him. Hincks was adamant. Blatz' contributions to our knowledge about child development are today recognized throughout the world.

The Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, where the University of Toronto trains psychiatrists and conducts research, is largely a Hincks creation. A picture of him hangs in the Crease Clinic at Burnaby B.C.—the most modern treatment centre in Canada where 89 per cent of all mental patients are returned to the community in a matter of months. He is thus honored because of the role he played in the clinic's birth, as "inspirer" and "encourager." Hincks has sparked literally thousands of projects relating to the treatment, prevention and research phases of mental illness and health.

A Fist on the Vice-Regal Desk

A poor advocate for himself, Hincks is fearless when pleading for the mentally ill. He is probably the only Canadian doctor ever to bang the table in anger at vicerealty and threaten to report them to the boss. This happened in 1948. Hincks had gone to St. John's, Nfld., and found the local mental hospital in shocking condition. He promptly called on the island's governor, Sir Gordon MacDonald. (Before Newfoundland joined Canada, expenditures had to be approved by the governor.) He pleaded with the governor to authorize funds to erase what he called, "a blot on humanity." MacDonald made it clear that he had no such intention. Thereupon Hincks advanced on the governor's desk, smashed the hard surface several times with his fist and angrily shouted, "Your Excellency leaves me only one course. Tomorrow I'm flying to London to report you to Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan (Prime Minister and Minister of Health, respectively). I know that both are humanitarians and will want to do the right thing." His Excellency blinked surprisedly for several seconds and then capitulated.

Hincks infiltrated into Ottawa's Rideau Hall and got Lady Willingdon so enthused about mental health that she told him, "I'll stand at the corner of Bank and Sparks Streets begging with a tin cup if it will do you any good." Lady Byng once agreed to address a public mental-health meeting at Hincks' request. When the Governor-General caught word of it a few hours before the meeting he was



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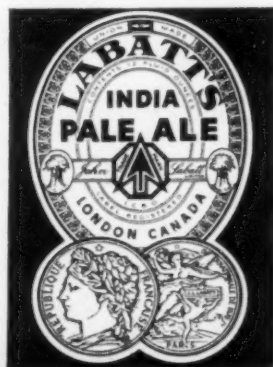
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"Perhaps people help me because they're sorry for me," says Clare Hincks

furious. "What are you trying to do, Hincks—make an actress of my wife!" he fumed. The incident ended with Byng, a strong believer in the doctrine that woman's place is in the home, pinch-hitting on the platform for his spouse.

Once, as a favor to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who was a liberal supporter of mental health, Hincks played a crucial role in a fight between Rockefeller and another financier over control of Standard Oil of Indiana. The persuasive Hincks helped turn the tide in favor of Rockefeller by personally canvassing Canadian shareholders and rounding up their proxies.

The first impression created by Hincks is such that he would never be mistaken for a supersalesman. His dress, appearance and voice are homey. His manner is humble and apologetic. "Clare has apologized his way to success," says Dr. D. G. McKerracher, director of Saskatchewan's mental-health services. When he first arrived in New York to take over the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the philanthropist Edwin Embree took him aside and said, "You'll never get anywhere here unless you change your style. In New York you have to put on a bold aggressive front." Yet under Hincks in the heart of the depression the organization attracted unparalleled support. "Perhaps people help me because they're sorry for me," says Hincks.

His associates on the other hand regard his remarkable sincerity as the prime factor in his success. "Hincks is never out selling for himself," says Philip Fisher, of Southam Press, a member of the CMHA board. "He's really interested in helping other people. That's what comes through."

"Wouldn't Employ Himself"

Another reason for Hincks' success is his ability to make people feel good in his presence. "A fifteen-minute visit with him is an emotional tonic," says Dr. Baruch Silverman, director of the Mental Hygiene Institute, Montreal. Hincks unconsciously achieves this effect by constantly recognizing his visitor's strong points and achievements and belittling his own. "I'm not the kind of person I'd employ," he often says. "All my life I've been carried along on the shoulders of people much abler than I."

This pattern of self-deprecation is so ingrained that Hincks has always felt guilty about accepting his CMHA salary, in spite of the fact that it has never risen beyond \$9,000 a year, less than most general practitioners earn. To ease his conscience, for several years Hincks would go on an annual job-seeking tour. When he satisfied himself that there were private businesses, governments and philanthropic foundations anxious to have him on the payroll at salaries up to \$30,000, he would contentedly settle back into his poorer-paying job for another twelve months.

Hincks' own modest view of himself has not been modified by the fact that he's a graduate of the University of Toronto medical school; a member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; a fellow of the American Psychiatric Association; an honorary member of the Royal Medico-Psychological Association; a founder and member of the American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry and the

American Orthopsychiatric Association; member of the exclusive Comité d'Honneur of the World Federation of Mental Health; the first recipient of the award offered by the Mental Hygiene Institute, Montreal, and chairman of the Fifth International Congress on Mental Health to be held in Toronto next month. "You don't earn these honors," he says. "You get them by living a few years longer than the next fellow."

No formal honors or titles, however, indicate Hincks' tremendous ability to put himself in the other fellow's shoes. Because others sense this quality in him, he has, throughout his lifetime, been called on to help people in almost every conceivable situation. When Sir Edward Beatty's beloved ship the Empress of Britain was sunk during the war, it was when he was alone with Hincks that he broke down and wept, confessing how much the ship meant to him. An American millionaire consulted Hincks about his college daughter because she failed her grades and her behavior was promiscuous. "Send her to me," said Hincks. He enrolled her at the University of Toronto, introduced her to agreeable companions and kept an eye on her. She graduated with high honors a few years later and went on to contract a successful marriage.

One afternoon, not long ago, Hincks received a frantic phone call from a drama director. "I'm in a mess," he said. "Our play opens tonight and our leading man has been fast asleep for fourteen hours and we can't get him up. Please help us." A few minutes later, Hincks was working over the prone figure of a handsome six-footer, about 35 years old, in a fashionable apartment in the Bathurst-Eglinton district in North Toronto. The actor's heart, temperature and pulse being normal, Hincks assumed that his soporific sleep was a flight from the anxieties of an opening night. For five minutes, Hincks slapped the actor and drenched him with cold water. When he showed signs of awakening—a highly suggestible state—Hincks began admonishing him in a firm, quiet voice, "You will be wide awake in five minutes, completely refreshed... tonight you will give a brilliant performance... your work will be so outstanding that you will carry along the rest of the company with you." The next day, the dramatic critics were unanimous in their high opinion of the leading man. A few months later he appeared in the Stratford, Ont., Shakespearean Festival and acquitted himself nobly.

Hincks believes that his ability to identify with other people is, in a large part, due to the fact that he himself is a neurotic. "Most psychiatrists are as mentally healthy as the average citizen," he says. "I happen to be an exception." During the worst of his depressed periods Hincks tends to be uncommunicative, gloomy and worried about small details and there's a partial paralysis of his thinking. "I never see a mental patient in hospital but that I can put myself in his place," says Hincks. "I feel that I'm tarred by the same brush. My knowledge of psychiatry comes from the inside—from my own personal suffering. Physical pain is like a pinprick compared to mental anguish." Yet, in spite of this grave handicap, Hincks has been able to lead an active and productive life. "I've learned to accept my neurosis and live with it, the same as I've accepted the shape of my nose," he says.

"My motto has been, know thyself, accept thyself and be thyself."

He does not regard his handicap as unique. "There are probably 500,000 neurotics in Canada," he says. "That makes the neurosis as common as the common cold."

Because he believes that his experiences as a neurotic may be of value to his fellow-sufferers, he answered several pertinent questions in a recent series of interviews:

Q.: Can you remember the circumstances of the first attack of your neurosis?

A.: I was sixteen years old, a University of Toronto undergraduate, and I was spending a social evening at a friend's house on St. George Street. As I was playing cards, I suddenly became aware that there was something wrong with me. I had become self-conscious; I had lost all spontaneity of thought and action, and my world seemed to change in some queer way. When I spoke it was as though someone else were speaking and that I was more of a listener. My usually buoyant mood left me. I was not depressed but I lost the joy of living. I had become conscious of what had been previously automatic actions, such as using my handkerchief, shuffling my cards, moving about on my chair, etc. . . . All these things became uncomfortable to me.

I found it difficult to carry on a conversation, even small talk among intimate friends. There was a paralysis of my thinking; the free association of ideas was blocked. Thus, I was suddenly struck by a condition that affected me intellectually and emotionally. This was the attack that was to repeat itself each year up till the present. I am now 69 years old and I have had 53 attacks. It usually comes in late winter or early spring and has lasted as long as four or five months.

Q.: Are the people you come in contact with aware that you are going through a depression period?

A.: One of the things that has constantly amazed me is the way in which outsiders are unaware of what I am going through. Here I am with my entire inner life changed—anxious, wanting to be alone, thinking process slowed down, no zest for living—yet no one aware of it except two or three people who are closest to me. This led me to conclude that human beings are so wrapped up in themselves that we don't observe anything abnormal in the other fellow unless it's something obvious like a bad limp or a blackened eye.

Q.: Can you supply any other evidence to prove that people, as a rule, fail to recognize mental disorders among their fellows?

A.: Well, I have known people to visit mental hospitals and be unable to distinguish between staff and patients, unless staff wore their uniforms.

My former chief, Dr. C. K. Clarke, noted this on many occasions and once conducted an experiment. At the time, he was professor of psychiatry at Queen's University and superintendent of Rockwood Mental Hospital, in Kingston, Ont. One evening, he invited to his home six leading Queen's University professors, and without an introduction included one of his patients from the mental hospital.

Everybody had a good time. The conversation was animated and ranged from music, history, world politics, philosophy and science. One of the most active participants was the mental-hospital patient. After two hours of chatting, Clarke arranged for

the patient to sit in another room with his own family. Clarke took advantage of this absence to ask the professors what they thought of his guest. They agreed that he was a man of culture, widely read and an interesting conversationalist. They wondered if it was Clarke's intention to propose this stranger for a Queen's post. Clarke said, "No, not at present because he happens to be a patient of mine at the mental hospital." The guests were astonished and outraged and said that he had no right to be in hospital; he was as sane as anybody. Clarke then

brought the patient back in and asked him this direct question: "Jim, please tell these gentlemen who you really are?" Jim, slightly displeased by their ignorance, replied, "Why I thought they knew. I am, of course, the strongest man in the world. I am Atlas. I balance the world on my shoulders."

Q.: What is the difference between a psychosis and a neurosis?

A.: The neurosis is not as serious as the psychosis. And in the neurosis the victim knows he is ill while the psy-

chotic possesses little or no insight. His world has crumbled and everything is out of joint but he does not attribute his troubles to his own lack of mental health. If anybody is sick, it is those about him, not himself. As I have said, my own disability is a neurosis and not a psychosis.

Q.: With all the resources of modern medicine and psychiatry is there no cure for a person with your disability?

A.: There is alleviation but I believe



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no cure. If I were younger and subjected myself to three years of psychoanalysis I might be greatly improved. But I'm afraid this partial cure might be too expensive. I'm not thinking in terms of money but in terms of the job I want to do.

You see, my only job in life is pioneering. To be a pioneer you have to vigorously pursue self-imposed goals without any thought of sparing yourself. You have to walk where angels fear to tread. My present emotional make-up is particularly suited to do that job. I can work like fury for six months or so of the year during which time I have the drive, the energy and enthusiasm of two men. This high-powered enthusiasm is contagious and enables me to enlist the support of men and women who are much abler than I and can carry out projects that I blueprint. I have a flair for contagious enthusiasm. I was born with it. Therein lies whatever success I've had in advancing mental hygiene.

Fortunately or unfortunately, I'm a race horse, not a truck horse. I'm good for short spurts of speed, not a long haul. When I am completely absorbed in my work, I must work sixteen hours a day. But I pay for it by going into a period of depression. Perhaps that's nature's protective device for slowing me down, for giving me an enforced period of rest to regain my energy for the next dash.

Now, if I were to be "cured" by some form of psychotherapy I would probably be flattened out emotionally. I'd acquire poise and stability. Poised, stable, steady people in certain lines of work are priceless. But in other lines of work—like mine, for instance—a touch of neuroticism seems to be essential.

Q.: Have you availed yourself of any psychiatric or medical help for your disability?

A.: I have two psychiatrists, one a man, the other a woman, whom I consult when I'm in a slump. They are both close friends, people whom I am genuinely fond of and who understand me. The principal relief I get is that I don't have to keep my feelings bottled up. I can talk freely about the way I feel. I derive a feeling of comfort from knowing that I'm not fighting something alone.

Q.: How do you prefer to be treated when you are low?

A.: The best way friends and colleagues can act is not to ask me how I feel because the answer has to be "Like hell!" Up to a point I like to be ignored and taken for granted. I don't want people to slap me on the back and tell me to cheer up and that everything will be all right. Verbal reassurances don't do much good. My office colleagues understand all this. Marjorie Keyes, for example, knows exactly how I'm feeling without asking me.

In explaining the personality of Hincks the adult, Hincks' intimate friends, who include some of the most astute students of human behavior on the North American continent, place particular emphasis on his early family history. He was an only child and he was strongly attached to his mother, a strong, capable and cultured woman who taught school in Hamilton. She married one of her former pupils—the

Rev. William Hincks and put him through college. At the time of the marriage, Maudie Greene was forty and William Hincks was 26. "All my life it was as though mother had two sons," recalls Hincks. Clare Hincks was born in St. Marys, near Stratford, while his father occupied the pulpit of the local Methodist church. When he was nine years old, his father was transferred to Toronto, where he was to serve for fifty years until his death in 1943. Thanks, in large part, to his wife, he was to win wide recognition as a preacher and scholar. Every Sunday morning, he staged spirited attacks on sin in all its guises—drinking, smoking, gambling, sex and Sunday streetcars.

Clare Hincks was promoting and selling things almost as soon as he could walk. At seven he was selling turtles which he had caught in the lagoons around Centre Island, just off Toronto Harbor. At twelve, he served as a barker in the midway of the Canadian National Exhibition. At fourteen, he teamed up with J. W. Bengough, a prominent newspaper political cartoonist, to stage exhibitions in various resort areas in the Muskoka district, north of Toronto.

"A Wastrel, a Drunkard"

When Maudie Hincks died in 1936, practically her last words to her son were, "You and your father are strangers. Try to get to know him." In fulfillment of his mother's wishes, he invited his father to accompany him on a boat trip to England. The first night out, Rev. Hincks was shocked to find his son in the lounge smoking and drinking as he played a game of cards with some strangers. He blasted him later, "I didn't know that I had a son who is a wastrel, a drunkard, a gambler and who keeps evil companions." Hincks struck a bargain with his father: he would give up cards for the duration of the trip if his father joined him in a few drinks. His father agreed. In the privacy of their cabin, Rev. Hincks sipped a glass of crème de

menthe and reported his sensations in detail. "Now it's warm in my mouth . . . I have a hot sensation in my throat . . . it's going through me like electricity . . . now I feel pleasant, good." A few minutes later he embarked on another experiment, this time using whisky and soda. His findings were again positive. By the time the ship docked in Southampton, Hincks and his father were close friends—a friendship that lasted until his death.

Hincks undoubtedly inherited from his father the desire to preach and to reform, but not the propensity for formal religious observance. "Some people can't live without a formal religion; others can't live with it," says Hincks. He recalls being summoned to the bedside of a woman dying with tuberculosis. She had one last request to make. "Make sure no clergyman gets near me before I die," she said. "He might talk me into believing in a life after death. I don't want to believe that. I can only die in peace, knowing that death ends all." Hincks finds this woman's point of view understandable. "Make a good job of living while on earth and the future will take care of itself," he says. (On the other hand, one of Hincks' three children is an ordained minister; one daughter is a nurse while the other is a teacher. Hincks was married to Mabel Millman in 1918, a University of Toronto gold medalist in languages. She died a few years ago.)

Hincks graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto in 1907 with only average marks. For the next ten years, he struggled along in various settings as a general practitioner, finally admitting failure. "I had neither the physical nor mental equipment to make a good GP," he says. "I couldn't help people as much as I would have liked to."

During Hincks' early days in general practice, infection and tissue damage as a cause of disease were considered to be all-important; the emotions were hardly considered. Yet Hincks knew

differently from his own practice, and his was to spark his interest in mental health. One of his patients was a 55-year-old bank manager, who in a moment of weakness had defrauded his firm of \$10,000. All his life he had enjoyed good health, but now, facing a public trial and the certainty of a prison sentence, he decided that he no longer wanted to live. He took to his bed and within two weeks he died of "unknown causes."

Hincks received another lesson in psychosomatic medicine from an 18-year-old girl with typhoid fever. Her temperature mysteriously rose to 105 degrees. What had happened? Hincks learned that in performing a test for tuberculosis, the nurse had given the patient the impression that she had TB. He went to the patient's bedside and talked to her. "You're lucky," he said. "Our test shows that you haven't got TB. You've only got typhoid and you're now on your way to recovery." Within a few hours her temperature dropped and she staged an uneventful recovery. "Actually," says Hincks, "typhoid is more dangerous to life than TB but most people—like my patient—didn't think so."

As a GP in Toronto, Hincks' earnings never rose beyond \$400 a year. This was largely because he sought to know his patients as "whole people" not just as cases of a disease; he had time to see only a few people a day. He hesitated to send out bills; the man who was later to be a fabulous collector of money simply couldn't collect money for himself. He regarded his periods of depression as a grave handicap. "During my slumps I had to cut out all but the most urgent calls," he says. To make ends meet, he took a succession of part-time jobs—life insurance examiner, embryology demonstrator at the medical school and medical inspector for the West Toronto schools.

This latter job fanned his awakening interest in mental hygiene. He found that at least sixty percent of the children referred to him by teachers and nurses were problems of mental not physical health. He suspected that many of them were mentally retarded but there was no way of proving it. Thus, when he learned about the IQ test, he went rushing off to the medical convention in Buffalo to learn all he could about it. Returning home with this new psychological tool he was able to indicate that many school children (roughly two percent) had an inferior intelligence and required special classes and training.

He got permission to use the IQ test on delinquents in Judge Hawley Mott's Toronto Juvenile Court. Hincks spent countless hours, serving without pay, carefully studying a long procession of youthful thieves, vandals, truants and runaways. As he had suspected, many of them were mentally retarded. He also threw a great deal of light on children of normal intelligence who go wrong. "Hincks was a blessing to the court," recalls Mott. "He focused attention on the fact that body, mind and environment all play a part in determining personality. That was a fairly new idea in the 1910s." Hincks recalls, "I learned about juvenile delinquents as I went along. The boys were my textbooks."

One of his most profitable volumes was Mickey, a 14-year-old who Mott describes as "the worst kid in town." Hincks struck up a close friendship with him, pleaded for him in court, stuck by him during a two-year prison sentence, helped him become a star basketball player and salesman. Ultimately, Mickey married and went on to win an important position with a large corporation. "It was a question of understanding the boy, helping him



to capitalize on his assets and then keep on having faith in him no matter what," explains Hincks.

Word of Hincks' concern with mental health reached Dr. C. K. Clarke, head of the University of Toronto department of psychiatry, who in 1916 was planning to open the first psychiatric clinic in Canada. A meeting with Hincks convinced him that he had found the right partner for his new project. They were then joined by Marjorie Keyes, a recently graduated nurse who had won all the medals in her class.

Hincks' experiences after the clinic opened its doors struck him like a thunderbolt. He and his colleagues were besieged by an army of men, women and children suffering with every category and shade of mental deficiency and mental illness. Had there been facilities for treatment and research, many of these people might have been spared their suffering. "It began to dawn on me," says Hincks, that the promotion of mental health was a field in which I could exploit the one worthwhile asset I possessed—a flair for contagious enthusiasm."

After working in the clinic for a year or so, Hincks went to Clarke and announced his intention of quitting. "I just can't take it any more," he said. "At present we're only bailing out the boat—not plugging the leak. Temperamentally I'm not suited for this kind of work." He listed his frustrations: no place to send mental patients for treatment; no place to send the mentally retarded for training; no research being undertaken in mental illness; no mental screening of immigrants, with the result that scores of mental defectives and psychotics were streaming into Canada. "What are you going to do about it?" asked Clarke. Hincks said he was going to go to New York to see what was going on down there.

Punched, Kicked and Kneed

In New York, he met Clifford Beers, secretary of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene (U.S.A.), an organization which he had founded ten years earlier in 1908. Beers is the undisputed founder of the mental-health movement in North America. This movement was born out of his own personal suffering. A few years after graduating in engineering from Yale University, Beers attempted suicide by leaping from a third-floor window. He survived with nothing worse than leg injuries. For the next three years he was in a number of private and public mental hospitals. In his lucid periods—which grew more frequent with his stay in hospital—he recalled being put in strait jackets, being punched, kicked and kneed by sadistic attendants; being cast into solitary unheated cells. After his recovery and discharge, he set down an account of his experiences in the most moving prose. His book, *A Mind that Found Itself*, was a sensation and led many wealthy citizens to support Beers with his new organization to improve the lot of mental patients.

After spending the better part of a day chatting, Beers said to Hincks, "I

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They called him "the Nut Doctor." Clare Hincks says today: "I gloried in that title"

want you to start an organization like mine in Canada." Hincks was excited. At last he had found a job that he really believed in—a crusade on behalf of the mentally ill and for the prevention of mental illness.

He returned to Toronto, burning with a desire to get on with the job. He wangled an audience with the Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire. "Your Excellency," he said, "I want you to become the honorary patron of the Canadian Mental Health Association."

"After what I've heard I'll consider it very favorably," replied His Excellency. "Have your board of directors send me an invitation."

"But there is no board," replied Hincks.

"Then have your organizing committee do it."

"But there is no organizing committee."

"Well, under those circumstances you had better come back to see me again. It's against all precedent for me to support a non-existent organization."

Hincks spent another half hour explaining that if His Excellency didn't lend his support at once there would probably never be a mental-health organization. Devonshire finally relented. "I'm doing this," he said, "because you're a sincere young man and Canada needs your movement."

Hincks made his first appeal for support, after careful thought, in Montreal. After assembling most of the faculty of the McGill University medical school, he delicately exploited the rivalry between Canada's two greatest medical schools. He said, "I would prefer to inaugurate this national movement at McGill, not Toronto. Toronto is a provincial university; McGill is a national university." The professors voted their support and Dr. Charles Martin, dean of medicine, was elected first president of the Canadian Mental Health Association.

Now Hincks plunged in to get the money. "Give me a list of twenty men in Montreal who have the ability to run a railway or a bank," he asked his friend, Sir William Peterson, principal of McGill. The list he was handed read like a Who's Who of the financial world of 1918. It included Lord Shaughnessy and Edward Beatty of the CPR, Sir Vincent Meredith, president of the Bank of Montreal, Sir George Burns, president of the Bank of Ottawa, William Birks the jeweler, Lord Atholstan, Fred Molson and several others.

Within a few days, Hincks had collected several thousand dollars and persuaded a half dozen of the biggest names in Montreal to serve on his board of directors. On his way home to Toronto, he dropped in at Rideau Hall to deliver a progress report.

"Remarkable," said the Duke of Devonshire. "I don't see how you got so many important people to serve."

"It was simple," replied Hincks. "I announced to everyone I contacted that I was coming to see them on your behalf."

Back in Toronto, he quickly gathered followers by judiciously playing up the support he was receiving from viceroyalty and the elite of Montreal. He invited Beers to be the guest speaker at a series of intimate salons held in private homes. The first gathering was held at the Toronto home of Mrs. D. A. Dunlap, wife of the secretary of Hollinger Mines. When Beers finished

speaking, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. Within four minutes, a handful of guests subscribed \$25,000 for mental health. Beers and Hincks conducted similar parties in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec City.

With his organization established, Hincks now embarked on his first objective: the more humane treatment of mental patients. During the next several years, he was to visit practically every mental hospital in Canada. His boundless energy, his enthusiasm and his radical suggestions soon earned him the title, "the Nut Doctor." Hincks says, "I gloried in that title. It's only when I begin to get respectable that I know I'll have to watch my step."

Manitoba was the first province to be surveyed. Hincks and Marjorie Keyes found some shocking things. In one hospital, they unlocked what appeared to be a coffin standing up on end. Out fell a female patient who had been confined in it for three years. Her skin was chalk-white, her hair was matted and she used her tattered shawl to shield her eyes from the unaccustomed light. He found that at the Brandon Hospital for the Insane—and this was to prove true all over Canada—cages, shackles, strait jackets, muffs, camisoles and other forms of restraint were in common use. Many patients walked around with bruises, scars and blackened eyes—the handiwork of untrained attendants. Segregation and the keeping of records were not regarded as important. "Apparently anybody in Manitoba who wanted to get rid of a member of his family could send him here," Hincks said of a Portage la Prairie institution.

Hincks was so upset by what he had seen that he went to Winnipeg and showed up at Premier T. C. Norris' suite at the Royal Alexandra Hotel at six o'clock one evening and demanded an immediate conference. "But I've got an important dinner conference

followed by a government caucus," said Norris.

"No business can be more important than mine," said Hincks. "I've seen things in your mental hospitals this past week that could put your government out of power."

The upshot was that Hincks dined with the premier then sat with the government caucus until 3 a.m. Many of those present were deeply moved. Dr. R. S. Thornton, the Minister of Education, got up and said, "Gentlemen, we ought to get down on our knees and beg forgiveness. We have been entrusted with the care of the mentally ill and we have failed in our trust." Shortly after this meeting, Manitoba, acting under Hincks' guidance, was to spend \$2,225,000, completely overhauling her mental-health services.

Ten Cages in an Attic

Hincks found the mental hospitals of the other provinces just about as shocking. In New Brunswick, he found the attic room of one hospital occupied by ten wooden cages, with straw-covered floors, in which patients were kept. The Prince Edward Island mental hospital was a decaying firetrap; no records were kept, no treatment was given and admission procedures were sloppy. He met a perfectly healthy inmate who said, "I only came in to keep my brother company." He spoke to a child who had been sent over from a nearby orphanage because the matron complained that "I can't do anything with him."

Hincks was not a spectacular muckraker. He never used his explosive facts promiscuously to blackmail or embarrass a government. "I'm never for or against any government," he would say. "I'm only for mental hygiene." He would bring his findings directly to the government then try to persuade

them to make reforms. Starting with Manitoba, thanks to Hincks, the various governments of Canada were to spend millions of dollars on improvements. When Edwin Embree of the Rockefeller Foundation accompanied Hincks on a tour of Canadian hospitals, he expected to be greeted by a succession of slammed doors. No such thing happened. "It's remarkable," said Embree. "Everywhere you go they treat you like a member of the family." This friendliness existed because hospital staffs and governments were convinced that Hincks had no personal axe to grind; he was only trying to introduce needed reforms in as friendly and painless a manner as possible.

On his travels Hincks gathered abundant proof that the existing policy of ignoring the mentally retarded was both inhuman and costly. In Alberta he found that 54 percent of the unmarried mothers and 68 percent of the prostitutes were mentally deficient.

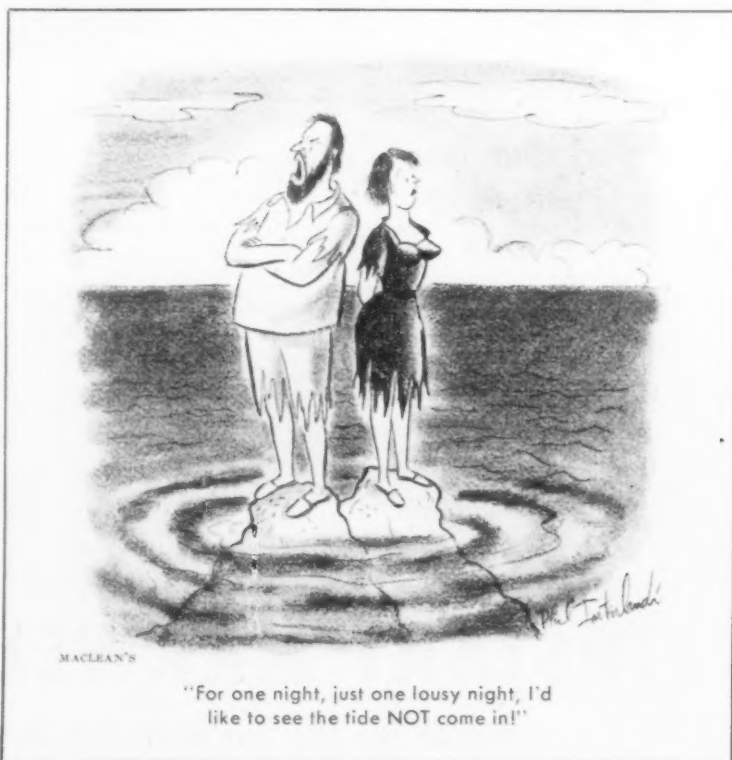
Hincks was particularly alarmed by the fact that the mental deficiency in Nova Scotia was 3 percent compared to the Canadian average of only 2 percent. Part of this could be explained by the exodus of many of the province's fittest citizens to other parts of Canada and to the United States. But equally important was the existence of clusters or "nests" of mental defectives in certain rural areas, due to generations of intermarriage. He visited the homes of fifty adult defectives and kept a careful record. These fifty homes produced 184 mental defectives, 78 illegitimate children and at least 28 delinquents. He studied a single family clan which had produced 25 mental defectives, 41 illegitimates, 19 delinquents and 10 recipients of public assistance. Hincks concluded that "the mentally unfit breed faster than the fit" and henceforth became a firm advocate of eugenic sterilization.

It was in Nova Scotia that Hincks came across a jail where he found what he often later referred to as a perfect example of working in partnership. The building was spotlessly clean and the half-dozen inmates were oozing contentment. The following conversation ensued between Hincks and a spokesman for the inmates:

"Where's the warden?" asked Hincks.
 "He's away sick."
 "Then who's running the jail?"
 "We are."
 "Have you notified the authorities?"
 "No."
 "Why not?"
 "We don't want to see him fired. He's too old, too nice and too sick."
 "Won't any of you run away?"
 "Not likely. If we did, people would find out, then the old man would be fired and we'd get a young fellow in charge that we didn't like."

Hincks did not remain idle between surveys. By adroit manoeuvring, which involved the Rockefeller Foundation, the University of Toronto, the Ontario Government and the Toronto City Council, he managed to bring into existence the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, the first training centre in Canada for psychiatric personnel. He took time to encourage a young general practitioner from Oakville by giving him CMHA funds for post-graduate study abroad. And that is how Brock Chisholm, later named director of the World Health Organization, became a psychiatrist. Hincks took an interest in a young medical undergraduate who played saxophone in an orchestra at a university medical affair. Today, Dr. Jack Griffin is the director of the CMHA, the position relinquished by Hincks last year.

With the money he raised, Hincks, through the CMHA, introduced oc-



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cupational therapy into mental hospitals, helped develop the program of the newly formed University of Toronto psychology department, introduced mental-hygiene courses into schools of social work, provided money to train psychiatrists for Quebec's schools, promoted mental-hygiene clinics, traveling clinics, initiated studies in feeble-mindedness, normal child development and the mental health of teachers and school children.

To broaden his mental-health knowledge, he started making trips to Europe. In a clinic in Zurich, Switzerland, he admiringly watched the famous psychiatrist Hans Meyer at work. "We need a man like you in America," Hincks told him. "Would you consider coming over?" Meyer refused. "It's taken me thirty years to learn something about the background of the people living in the three cantons around Zurich. That's why I can help them. In America I would be useless. You can't transplant a psychiatrist."

Hincks decided that if he ever were to become psychotic he would like to be sent to Gheel in Belgium. This was the town where he found villagers taking in mental patients as boarders—a tradition now five hundred years old. They shared the family's life. He spoke to a woman, who came to Gheel branded as the most violent patient ever to enter a Dutch mental hospital. In the relaxed, free atmosphere of the Belgian village she was no problem.

In Munich, Germany, he met Emil Kraepelin, the distinguished psychiatric research worker. Now old and fatigued, he was constantly beset by financial worries. His fifteen brilliant assistants were now working only for the sheer love of scientific research. "I want you to stop worrying," Hincks told him. "I will send you one million dollars from America." The Rockefeller Foundation later made good Hincks' promise. Kraepelin was the man to achieve lasting fame by classifying and describing all the various types of mental illness.

By 1930, Hincks was a well-known figure in medical circles in both Canada and the United States. He helped organize the First International Mental Health Congress. The following year he was invited to assume the directorship of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene (U.S.A.) at a salary of \$25,000. He refused to leave his \$7,000 post in Canada. After the Americans convinced him that he was needed, he accepted on condition that he could divide his time between New York and Toronto. Instead of accepting the \$30,000 or so offered for both jobs he set his salary at \$20,000. But even so he was uncomfortable. He finally resolved his problem by not telling his family about the raise and giving away all earnings above his usual \$7,000.

Hincks moved in on his New York job like a whirlwind. He raised money, conducted surveys, interested the 33rd Degree Scottish Rite Masons in the Northern Jurisdiction to underwrite research in schizophrenia. Up to this writing, the Masons have probably stimulated the spending of some \$50 millions to find the cause and cure of this devastating form of mental illness.

From the very beginning of his stay in New York, Hincks was concerned about the health of Clifford Beers, who was still secretary of the organization. He feared that his old illness was creeping up on him again. He noticed that it took an abnormally long time to explain simple policy matters to Beers. All of this was time-consuming. Finally, Hincks found a way out of the deadlock. "Clifford," he said, "tell me the name of the man in this world that you have the most confidence in?" Beers

mentioned Vic Tyler, an old friend and supporter. Hincks said, "My plan is to take Tyler on staff and the three of us will run the organization by a majority vote." Accordingly, Tyler was installed in the New York offices.

The procedure devised by Hincks was simple. Whenever he wanted a decision on any matter, he would explain his reasons to Beers and Tyler, then retire and go on with other duties. Tyler, in the meantime, would discuss the matter at great length with Beers. For the next few years, this arrangement worked fairly well with Tyler serving as a full-time "explainer" for Beers.

However, as Beers' health failed, this system broke down. Beers was reluctant about making any decisions and became rather contentious. The organization's program bogged down. It became so bad that one wealthy benefactor said, "I'll give you one million dollars on condition that you drop Beers."

This, of course, was unthinkable. Beers was the living symbol of the mental-health movement. The problem

NEW LAWN

The topsoil's bought, the bills are paid,
And may I here assert
That nevermore will cross my lips
The phrase "as cheap as dirt."

ELIZABETH MARSH

was ultimately solved by a combination of an office reorganization and the natural course of Beers' illness. He was relieved of as much responsibility as possible. The number of callers was reduced to a minimum. He seemed to be content to sit in his office, arranging papers and clipping items out of newspapers and magazines. For some unknown reason he absolutely refused to grant an audience to any ex-mental patient that called. At times, he attached great importance to trifling things. Once a staff member obliged him by fetching a pair of glasses from the optometrist. Beers examined the lenses closely and detected a few scratches. He exploded violently, accusing Col. Edmund Bullis, a staff member, of deliberately disfiguring his property.

Beers' condition gradually worsened until he was finally admitted to the Butler Hospital in Providence, R.I., a private mental hospital run by Dr. Arthur Ruggles, a prominent member of the mental-health movement. Here he steadily declined. Ruggles and his associates decided against the use of electric shock, lest the therapy prove fatal to the great man. In the final weeks of his life, Beers rarely talked. Little publicity attended his sickness or his death which came on July 9, 1943. No more than twelve people were at his funeral held in New Haven, not far from the spot where, as a young man, he had attempted to commit suicide and thus, by a circuitous route, became the world founder of the mental-health movement.

While in his New York position, Hincks met many prominent people. One evening in a country club just outside of Wilmington, Del., Hincks had a memorable meeting with three members of one of the wealthiest families in the United States—Pierre, Lamont and Irénée du Pont. He was accompanied by two Canadian friends, Sir Frederick Banting, the co-discoverer of insulin, and Edward Hall who was later to become president of the University of Western Ontario. Hincks

had arranged this meeting to allow Banting the opportunity of expressing some of his ideas about research in the medical field. "We're at the oxcart stage of research as far as illness is concerned," Banting told the du Ponts. "What is needed is a mass attack on disease. When industry has a research problem they put the best men and the best equipment on it until it's licked. With enough money the same procedure could be followed in the fight against disease."

It was Hincks' idea that each major corporation in the United States adopt a particular illness, and support it with large sums of money over a period of several years. Thus, the du Ponts might choose epilepsy, General Motors schizophrenia, American Telephone and Telegraph arthritis and so on.

The du Ponts were enthusiastic and so were the other industrialists who were later approached. But World War II and Banting's untimely death in a plane crash intervened. Hincks never revived the plan. "I was only the office boy," he says. "I needed Banting's brains and prestige. But I still think our plan would have speeded up medical progress by twenty years."

In the latter years of his life, Banting developed a keen interest in mental illness. After returning from a tour of mental hospitals which Hincks arranged, Banting observed that the doctor's superior attitude toward his patient interfered with treatment. On the other hand, he saw great therapeutic possibilities in the friendly, sympathetic attitude that existed between patients. "My suggestion," he said, "is that we should send nurses into the wards disguised as patients. We need an army of young people with the spirit of Florence Nightingale."

The suggestion was never implemented. Hincks resumed full-time leadership of the CMHA in 1938. He was glad to be back. "Canada is the greatest mental-health laboratory in the world," he says. "We're big enough to have a wide variety of people, yet we're sufficiently small so that everyone is within reach of a new idea." The following year he was mobilizing the skills of psychiatry and psychology to help win the war. With Drs. Jack Griffin, William Line, Brock Chisholm and many others, he was concerned with the practical problems of psychological testing, soldiers' morale, battle fatigue and rehabilitation. He ventured to war-torn England on one occasion to do the advance work in connection with a project to send 33 specially trained Canadian workers to help with the children evacuated from London.

Last year Hincks resigned from the directorship of the CMHA in order to serve as adviser and consultant. Each day he is at his desk, receiving visitors from far and wide, holding conferences and outlining new schemes. His successor, Dr. Jack Griffin, describes him as "the inspiration and symbol and father figure" of the mental-health movement in Canada. Hincks comes to the regular Monday morning staff meetings clutching scribbled yellow sheets of paper pertaining to matters under discussion. "These are actually valuable documents," says Griffin. "Everything we plan—Hincks has either tried it himself or seen it tried elsewhere."

Hincks spends a part of each day, pencil in hand, making notes on what remains to be done in the mental-health field. He agrees that giant strides have been made since the far-off days when he released a chalk-white patient from a coffinlike cupboard in a Manitoba mental hospital. "But," he says, "I'm not at all impressed by what we already know or what we've already done. Till the end of my days I'd like to explore the possibilities that lie ahead." ★

The Public's Own Private Eyes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

weight from too much riding in cars and too little walking. Stress raises their blood pressure. So does worry. They often wake in the middle of the night and wonder what to do on a case. A surprising number die in their forties and fifties from heart trouble, the force's occupational disease. Few are killed by gunfire. They seldom have to shoot it out with criminals, seldom use firearms in making an arrest. A few years ago in Montreal, Inspector (now Superintendent) Edward Brakefield-Moore received a wire from the Boston city police that two robbers had blown a safe in Boston and were heading for the border in a blue coupé, heavily armed.

The multi-clad inspector drove to the Jacques Cartier Bridge, got out of his car and waited. When the coupé appeared he flagged it down, walked to the car window and said, "I'm from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Let's not have a scene. I want to talk to you."

"Okay, Mountie," the driver said. "Let's go downtown to my office."

"Sure," agreed the driver. In the RCMP divisional office Brakefield-Moore relieved the two safe-blowers of their loot—several thousand dollars. Then, seemingly as an afterthought, he casually remarked, "Oh yes, and you'd better hand over your guns."

Later, just before he delivered the pair to a heavily armed posse in a Montreal railway station, the inspector asked the safeblowers why they let themselves be arrested. Why didn't they pull their guns?

"Well," said one of the so-called desperadoes, "you just walked up to us all alone—it takes a guy off balance. We're used to having the cops open fire as soon as they see us."

The Mounted Policeman's attitude toward guns is traditionally restrained. But the Mountie can usually judge when psychology's on his side. "You just can't pinpoint when you should use a gun," says Harvison. "We usually say, 'When you're in fear of your life.' But you can't say you mustn't shoot a man if he's getting away. What if he's a convicted murderer? And it's even more wrong to say you must shoot."

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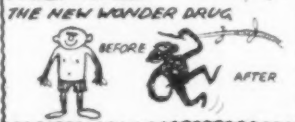
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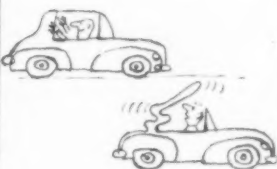


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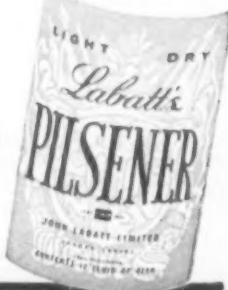


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Lesson from daughter

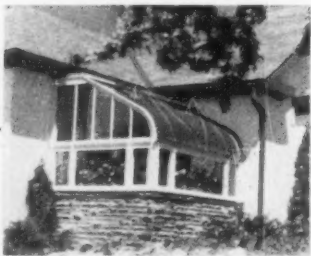
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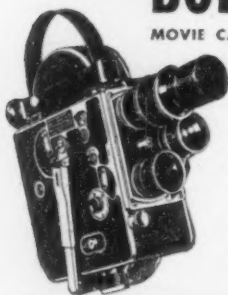
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Mounties seldom shoot. Of 100,000 investigations only two or three will call for gunplay

Most offenses don't warrant risking a man's life. You have to judge each case separately." Out of an annual average of 100,000 investigations—from rounding up a man who killed a deer out of season to breaking a counterfeit ring—gunfire is only exchanged in two or three.

All through the early Twenties, Harvison carried a gun in a shoulder holster. Though he never used it, it gave his job a touch of romance. The only time he left it at home, while visiting his girl friend one night, he received a telephone call to go to a downtown Montreal address and arrest a drug peddler.

As he came into the hall of the building he heard an unmistakable click of a gun being cocked. Then the peddler appeared at the end of the hall, leveled a shotgun at him and fired both barrels. Incredibly, both loads missed. Harvison lunged and disarmed the man.

"If I'd been carrying a gun that night," he says, "I'd have killed that man. I don't think I'd have missed at that distance." He has never carried a gun since.

The detective's chief piece of equipment is still a notebook, just as it has always been. But what have changed are the crook-catching procedures behind the detective. The modern plainclothes man can call on a variety of specialists. The RCMP Identification Branch has experts in firearms, fingerprints, footprints and handwriting. In the two crime labs, at Regina and Ottawa, 44 specialists—17 with science degrees—work under Supt. Churchman, a strapping soft-spoken man who speaks of his work with a measured enthusiasm. "Last year we handled nearly a thousand cases," he says. "We traveled 260,547 miles or about ten times around the world to present our evidence in court."

"The detective isn't a specialist himself," explains Slim Harvison. "He's more of a co-ordinator. He decides what should be done. He doesn't have to know how it's done, but he must know everything the specialists can do for him."

Churchman's lab specialists not only help convict the guilty but they sometimes help to clear the innocent. In the Maritimes last year, a soldier crashed a 1950 Plymouth service car. He'd skidded 72 feet on the highway, ploughed through a ditch, through 98 feet of swamp, broke off a tree and sailed through the air for 32 feet—and he swore he'd only been doing 45. It looked as though he'd be court-martialed till Ronald Rodgers, a young RCMP physicist, testified that the soldier, strange though it seemed, was telling the truth.

Rodgers had used calculus to find the speed needed to throw the car 32 feet through the air. He'd subtracted the force required to uproot the tree. He'd locked the brakes on a car of the same make and dragged it through swampy land back of the Ottawa crime lab to give him the force required for the skid. The ditch was a problem of loss of energy in falling. He'd worked out the road skid and ended up with a speed of 46.5 miles per hour. The charge against the soldier was dismissed.

The detective also finds the physicist useful in cases which hinge on a bullet's angle of fire. On a farm near Cobourg last summer, a mother called her 20-year-old son for tea. He didn't answer.

She went out in the yard to look for him and found him lying dead, shot through the chest. She called the Ontario Provincial Police. They recovered the bullet, then brought in rifles from the surrounding countryside for testing at the RCMP's Ottawa lab.

As the guns came in, Ronald Rodgers, the physicist, took them to the lab basement and fired them into a bullet-recovery water tank designed by Supt. Churchman. Back in his cubicle, Rodgers put the pellets under a microscope. Through the high-powered magnifying lens he could clearly see the tiny scratches and burrs left on the lead by the gun barrel. No two gun barrels in the world make the same marks. On his sixth test, the markings were identical. Rodgers photographed the bullets through a microscope.

He Shot at a Sparrow

The gun, a .22, belonged to a 16-year-old lad from a farm next door to that of the dead boy. He was both frightened and grief-stricken; the dead boy had been his friend, he said; he had shot at a sparrow on a post in his own yard. Rodgers was asked to do a calculation on this statement.

At the inquest in a courthouse near Cobourg Rodgers was called to the witness stand. "Did this bullet come from this gun?" asked the crown at-

torney, holding up the lad's .22.

"It did," said Rodgers. He showed his photographs of the bullets.

"Could this bullet reach from the spot this boy says he shot from to where the body was found?"

"Yes sir. The bullet would reach that far if the gun barrel were elevated forty minutes, or two thirds of a degree. The elevation required to hit the bird would also be two thirds of a degree."

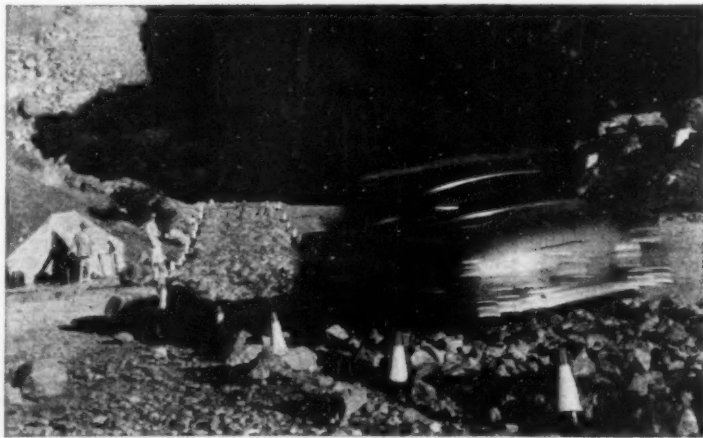
"And would the bullet still be traveling fast enough to cause death?"

"Yes, sir. When the bullet left the gun barrel it was traveling at 1,400 feet a second. By the time it traveled the entire distance, 800 feet, it was still traveling at 800 feet a second." Rodgers held up a large chart illustrating the calculus he had used.

The jury foreman, an amateur ballistics student, interrupted. "Here's a ballistics table from a recognized book," he argued. "You can see from this that the bullet wouldn't reach that far."

The crown attorney reconvened the jury at the scene of the killing. Rodgers put a card on the post where the bird was supposed to have been, and he put a sheet of plywood where the dead boy had stood. S/Sgt. William Sutherland, a champion rifle shot, fired the 16-year-old's .22 rifle. The bullet penetrated the plywood. The coroner's jury decided death was accidental.

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Many investigations revolve around "documents," a loose term which includes burned-up bills, forged cheques, libelous letters and holdup notes ("This is a holdup. Give me big bills."). Recently, a fire broke out in a city treasurer's office just after the taxes had been collected. There was suspicion the treasurer had stolen the money, then started the fire to cover his theft. An investigator carefully collected the charred fragments of paper in the treasurer's safe and sent them to the document section. They were given a glycerin bath to hold them together, then pressed between sensitized photographic plates and kept in darkness for two weeks; during this time some form of radiation takes place. When the plates were developed they showed in the inking of Bank of Canada notes the amount of the tax money the treasurer said had been burned. The treasurer was cleared and the bank replaced the money.

Most lab work is a problem of identification: linking or disassociating something found at the scene of a crime with the suspect. The detective sends in a murdered woman's dress and a single broken fibre and wants to know if the fibre came from the dress. He sends in seeds, scrapings of paint from the bumper of a hit-and-run car, samples of grain, strands of hair, even dust. The white-coated lab expert studies each exhibit through the eyepiece of a microscope. The microscope is the right hand of the lab man. At the scene of a burglary in Halifax, a city detective picked up a button with a bit of fabric clinging to it. Half an hour later he picked up a suspect whose

shirt had a button missing. He packaged the shirt and button separately, marked them and sent them in to the Ottawa lab. "Did this button come from this shirt?" he asked.

The lab answered yes. At the trial the RCMP expert, Ross Phillips, showed the judge and jury highly magnified photographs of the button's broken yarns and the broken yarns in the shirt tear. They matched exactly in number and length.

"Have you determined," the defense counsel asked suavely, "whether the button could have come out by chance?"

"Yes," said Phillips.

The judge leaned forward. "Could you do a calculation on this for us?"

"I have the calculation prepared, your honor," Phillips said, holding up a chart showing his mathematical formulas. With 25 points of comparison, the chance of him being wrong was one in three and a half trillion.

Eyes on the Eyebrows

The most-used method of tracing criminals is a familiar one—by the distinctive tented arches, whorls and loops of fingerprints. The system has been used in Canada for fifty years. In the RCMP's main bureau in Ottawa 24 searchers check 600 to 700 prints a day. A crook can change his name but not his prints, though a few have tried by plastic surgery, scarring their hands in a distinctive though futile fashion. Even the pores of the palms will produce an identifiable pattern.

In a less infallible sense every human feature is identifiable. A novel example

occurred last April during the trial of author Raymond Arthur Davies, who was accused of obtaining a passport by fraud.

The Crown had to prove that Davies' name had once been Rudolph Shohan, which Davies denied. RCMP detectives dug up two photos of the youthful Rudolph Shohan and two fairly recent portraits of Davies. RCMP Cpl. Reginald Abbott took these four pictures and enlarged them to the same size on transparent film. Then he photographed each feature separately and made transparent film cutouts.

In court, Abbott set up a square box-like viewer on the judge's desk. He put a transparent picture of Rudolph Shohan in front of it. Opal light illuminated the features through a grid of numbered horizontal and vertical lines.

"You will notice the shape of the head," said Abbott, "the hairline . . . where the waves break in the hair . . . the angle at which the ears abut from the head . . ."

He superimposed the second picture of Rudolph Shohan, a side view, and pointed out the similarities. "The rims of the eyes have the same thickness . . . the eyebrows in both pictures suggest an abrupt break above the nose . . ."

The defense counsel contested every point. When Abbott dwelt on the individuality of ears, the lawyer said, "Do you mean to tell me that there are a million different ears?"

"There are many times that number," said Abbott. "There are at least four parts of the ear that we can see at one time, the angle, size, surface contour and perimeter contour. Each of these has eight parts, the helix, anti-helix, fossa, and so forth. The number of combinations possible for identification is astronomical." Abbott's testimony, a brand-new kind of evidence in Canadian courts, played a large part in convicting Davies, who is now appealing the case.

Abbott was once a tombstone cutter and a sculptor of store-window models. In 1949 he went to Inspector (now Superintendent) Ralph Wonnacott, and said, "I'd like to sculpt a plaster likeness of you and the commissioner." The commissioner then was Stuart Taylor Wood, whose jutting jaw and gruff manner belied a forbearing nature.

When Wood saw the results he sent for Abbott. "I'll send you anywhere you want to go to study sculpture," he said. Abbott spent a year under Oronzio Malfarelli at Columbia University, then began a unique system of sculpting criminals from verbal descriptions.

For example, after an unknown bank robber killed a Mountie, Alexander Gammon, in Montreal in 1950, Abbott spent a day questioning witnesses. "Did his cheekbones protrude? What shape were his lips? Did he seem nervous?" After getting more than a hundred comparison points Abbott sculpted a plaster-of-Paris head in four hours.

He showed a photograph of it to the witnesses. "Would you say his jaw was round enough?" he asked. "Was the face longer?" He made changes, then took a photograph of the finished bust to be published in the monthly RCMP Gazette, which runs pictures of our "most-wanted criminals." As it happened, the bust didn't help catch the criminal, Thomas Rossler, but it might have if he hadn't been picked up first from another lead, for it was a fair likeness.

Artist-cops have been capturing unknown crooks for years by the "speaking likeness" sketch, or portrait parlant but this is the first development

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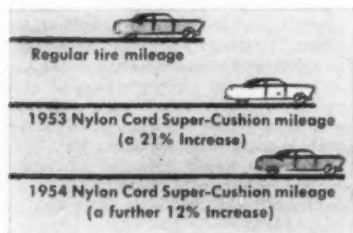
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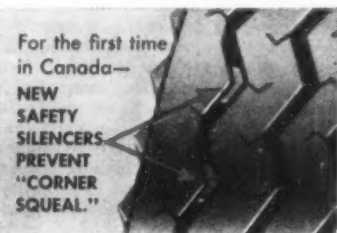
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tut, tut, king **tut**

It took 50 years to build the Great Pyramid of Egypt, but 4000 to solve its mystery. Even now, nobody's sure.

Some think King Tut built it to tell his fortune. Others say it's just a tomb. Still others swear that the Pyramid can foretell the exact day and year of great events.

A fourth group holds that the Sphinx knows the Pyramid's secret, but won't tell. Look at her knowing smile, they say. But ancient Egypt was filled with specialists who did nothing but chip smiles into statues' faces. The Sphinx, sneer sceptics, doesn't know a thing. Just had her face lifted.

More plausible is the theory of a certain Egyptologist. He measured and calculated, and found that the underground crypt was oriented exactly on the star Alpha Draconis. Then he announced that the Pyramid prophesied a great event for 1786. The Pyramid didn't know *what*, but the Sphinx did. And that's why she smiled.

For once, all Canadians, including pyramid probers, agree. One great event in 1786 was the birth of Molson's Ale. The Sphinx, despite a broken nose, has kept right on smiling. So have a lot of Canadians. They can't help it whenever they think of that matchless Molson flavour, which is often. Too bad King Tut couldn't enjoy Molson's. Your great-grandfather did, though. Often.

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Under the mattress was enough dynamite to blow up the whole house

of the system into three dimensions. After seeing Abbott's bust of bank robber Leo Cahill, the Ontario Provincial Police wrote the RCMP: "Wonderful work . . . we're all for this system." It is very new yet, but Abbott, who carries around a photo of his bust of a still-uncaught hatchet murderer, pats his wallet and says, "One of these days it will be in court."

Criminals often identify themselves. Like anyone else they have weaknesses, likes and dislikes. Most of all they form habits, personal and professional. One burglar invariably drinks all the liquor in the house he's robbing. Another always defiles it before he leaves.

In Halifax, a city detective is called to the scene of a safeblowing. He notes the details, fills in a form, and sends it to the RCMP's crime index section, two big file-lined rooms where a cheerful round-faced sergeant named D. H. (Cass) Cassidy presides over 27 people. One of them types out a small card headed "Breaks safe, outside shot," and files it in the MO (method of operation) in the safeblowing category under "unsolved crimes." He also makes out another card headed "Leaves windows open."

They Get in a Rut

Two months later a safe in Saint John, N.B., is blown in the same way. Another detective sends in a form. Two more MO cards are filed. A year later, in Toronto, a safeblower is caught. He was blowing the safe from the outside and he'd opened the window. The report comes in to the crime index section. A searcher checks it against the unsolved safeblowings and observes that the MO is strikingly similar to the Saint John and Halifax crimes. He notifies the police in those cities. The man's movements are checked, he's grilled, and two unsolved cases are cleared up.

Now all the man's particulars are filed. When he gets out of jail the chances are he will pull the same kind of job in this same way. "A crook is like anyone else," says Cassidy. "Some have nerve. Some have wit. Others are smooth talkers. They do what they can do best. They get a method that works and they stick to it. They specialize. A second-story man stays on the second story. Even if he's caught on the tenth offense, he figures it's a tough break and his specialty is still a good racket."

New filing systems, new methods, new machines and painstaking scientists have won their place in the RCMP by helping to solve major crimes. They play a part in many kinds of investigation but no expert claims to do more than back up the eyes and ears of the man at the scene of the crime. "The detective is like the infantry in the army," says Asst. Com'r Harvison. "He's the man the labs are completely dependent upon."

Each detective brings his own individual touch to a case, and as Harvison says, "No two cases break the same. You lay out all the facts, and maybe there's something that seems just a little wrong; it doesn't fit, it's out of place. You might call it a hunch."

In September 1951 Robert Morris, a constable in the East Coulee detachment was called to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Juhasz. While they had been away on a visit to Calgary a thief had broken into their bedroom and

looted their piggy bank. It seemed like such a paltry theft that Juhasz wouldn't even have bothered the Mountie if his wife hadn't insisted it was their duty.

Morris checked the window for tool marks but it hadn't been locked. There was mud on the floor but no footprints clear enough to serve as evidence. The piggy bank had no fingerprints on it.

It seemed the robbery might be the work of a tramp. Morris checked with the neighbors but no one had seen any strangers. He came back to the bedroom and as he looked at the slightly mussed bed a vague feeling stirred in his mind.

"Did you make the bed before you left?" he asked Mrs. Juhasz.

"Certainly," she said.

"Has either of you lain down since you got back?"

"No," they said.

"Well it certainly looks mussed up," said the Mountie. "Maybe the thief slept in it. He may even have left something in it. Would you mind stripping it, please?"

They found nothing.

"Now let's lift the mattress," said Morris, still riding his hunch.

There, under the mattress, in the centre of the bedsprings, wrapped in the pages of a weekly paper, were two flat boards with some brown granular stuff between them.

"Keep back," said the Mountie. He leaned over and sniffed it. "There's enough dynamite here to blow up this house. Whoever planted it wanted you to think he was a sneak thief."

Joseph and Mary Juhasz were aghast. They couldn't think of anyone who hated them enough to try to blow them up in bed. When the deadly homemade bomb was sent to Regina, the lab report said it could have been detonated by "pressure, friction, jarring or heat."

There are coal mines in that part of Alberta and Morris knew that miners would have access to dynamite. The Mountie made the rounds of the local cafés and kept asking questions till he learned that Mary Juhasz had once spurned advances from a hulking heavy-drinking miner named Alex Adorjan who for days had brooded over it.

The Mountie picked up a warrant, searched Adorjan's house and found a weekly paper with some missing pages that corresponded to the wrapping on the bomb. At the bottom of a pile of boards Adorjan used for carpentry was a small piece of freshly sawed board that fitted exactly to a board in the dynamite package.

Adorjan confessed. He also confessed that he'd planted another bomb, a piece of drilled-out firewood filled with dynamite, among the kindling in Juhasz' woodshed.

The Mountie rushed to the Juhasz home and evacuated Mrs. Juhasz. As Juhasz held a flashlight on the woodpile, very much aware that if it fell they'd both go up, Morris searched till he found the lethal chunk of wood.

Morris' hunch and his hard work on what seemed a trifling matter probably saved two lives and got Adorjan four years. Dick Tracy couldn't have done better. ★

Next Issue: The Mounties Part Four
Smashing the Drug Rings



Land was taken back from officers and noblemen and portioned out to settlers.

singing and quarrelling as the seemingly endless canoes came in to the landing place just outside the town. Here they pitched their tents and set up their kettles.

In the meantime the town of Montreal took on a gala air. Merchants from all parts of the colony had brought their goods for barter and were occupying temporary booths along the muddy streets or backed up outside against the tree trunks of the palisade. No word of business was spoken until the customary ceremonies had been conducted with suitable solemnity. An official welcome was extended to the visitors on the open space known as La Commune between the town and the river. The governor would be there, seated in an armchair and attired in his most imposing raiment, a plumed hat on his head, a sword across his knees. The chiefs would seat themselves about him according to rank, and there would be much smoking of pipes and endless solemn oratory. Perhaps the Flemish Bastard, that golden-tongued spokesman, would come over the river from Caughnawaga, where he was growing old and fat in peaceful living with the Iroquois who had settled down on the doorstep of the white men, and add his flowery passages to the glut of simile and metaphor.

As soon as the ceremony of welcome was over, the trading began. It lasted for three days, the braves being as deliberate in making up their minds to sell as they were in all other dealings. A sinister note soon crept in. The sale of brandy could not be curtailed and the sounds of savage revelry would be heard along the riverbanks. When this phase of the fair began the people of Montreal took to their houses. They locked the doors and clamped the windows tight. This was what had brought the Indians to the fair, the desire to feel the white man's firewater racing through their veins. The intoxicated savages would strip off their scant articles of clothing and parade through the streets in bronze nakedness, brandishing their tomahawks and screeching their wildest woodland notes.

The *coureurs de bois* who had come with the Indians behaved as badly as their dusky-skinned friends, enjoying the drinking and fighting and showing just as much readiness to disrobe for intoxicated parades. The town fell into a chaotic condition as long as the fair lasted and for some time thereafter. The courts could do nothing to check the drunkenness and madness in the streets.

Trading at the fur fairs was conducted almost exclusively by barter. This was not merely because the Indians had no use for money, but because barter was the established method of buying and selling in New France. The whole colony was always short of currency. A supply was supposed to be sent over from France each

spring, mostly in the form of five-sol and fifteen-sol pieces minted exclusively for use in Canada. But as the settlers depended on France for all the goods they used, the silver and copper pieces invariably found their way back to the homeland.

The colonists had, on this account, fallen into the barter habit. Wheat and moose skins served as legal tender, and sometimes debts would be paid in beaver skins, wildcat skins and even in liquor. Certain price standards had become established—a blanket, for instance, cost eight *cats*.

At times the fresh supply of money was waylaid. The ship captured by the British while bringing Bishop Saint-Vallier, Laval's successor, back to Quebec, for instance, carried a million francs in currency for the colony. This was thought to be why it was seized—the English had somehow learned of its cargo. For some reason the currency shipment was overlooked entirely by officials in France in the spring of 1685.

In this emergency the Intendant Meules performed the only achievement for which his tenure in New France was noteworthy. What he did, considered in the light of its consequences, was quite remarkable.

The Beginning of Money?

At that time there were in Quebec a large number of soldiers who had been sent out to take part in an abortive attempt to exterminate the Senecas. With no funds available, the intendant could not dole them out their little bits of pay and he found the frugal inhabitants opposed to the idea of feeding three companies of hungry soldiers on credit. Faced with this difficulty Meules had an inspiration. He would issue pieces of paper as pay and redeem them later when real money was available.

Some writers have contended that this was the start of paper money in the western world, but this is giving rather too much credit to M. de Meules. It must be conceded, however, that Meules had no immediate precedent for the step he proposed to take, and for that he deserves to be remembered.

He encountered a great deal of difficulty in connection with his plan. There were no available supplies of paper in the country and, of course, no printing presses. As a way out, he conceived the idea of collecting all the playing cards he could find and using them for money.

Most of the card playing in the colony was done by the unpaid soldiers themselves. In France card games had become a fashionable obsession and the cards used were glossy and of good quality. As in England, four suits had come into general practice, although of course they were called *cœur* (heart), *carreau* (diamond), *trèfle* (club) and *pique* (spade). The popular game

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THOSE MAGNIFICENT VAGABONDS

NEXT ISSUE • ON SALE AUG. 6

almost certainly was maw, which had become established as the favorite on the continent. Having nothing else to do, the soldiers played at maw continuously, drank a great deal and smoked even more. They quarreled noisily as they planked the soiled cards down on the upturned kegs which served as tables, calling impatiently to be favored with the best takers of tricks, Tiddy, Gleek, Tup-tup and Towser.

Meules gathered up all the cards he could find, had some of them cut into halves and quarters to represent the valuations of four francs, forty sols and fifteen sols, stamped them with the word "bon," signed and sealed in wax, and appended his own signature as well as that of a treasury clerk. These were handed back to the soldiers in lieu of pay, and a proclamation was made that the cards were to be accepted as money. The experiment proved quite successful and in the fall, when the regular supply of currency arrived, the much-thumbed and greasy bits of paper were redeemed. Meules was warned not to repeat the experiment, however. It was a dangerous thing to do, averred the King's officials, and might lead to inflation in prices.

The next year more playing-card money had to be issued in spite of this stern admonition, because once again the currency shipment was overlooked. This happened so often, in fact, that gradually playing-card money became recognized. The people, in fact, found it much handier than the bulky items of barter. The idea continued right through the period of the French regime, and in the year 1749, an official issue was made in paper which reached a value of one million livres.

One of the disadvantages of the new money was the relative ease with which it could be counterfeited. The laws had to be made very severe. In 1690 a French-Canadian surgeon was condemned to be flogged on his naked back in all the public squares of Quebec for making card money. Death by hanging was decreed for the offense at a later stage.

The ingenuity of Meules had played a large part, beyond any doubt, in revolutionizing banking and monetary practice. It is possible that the handy bills which today repose so easily in wallets and in pockets would never have come into existence if he had not found himself with a hundred soldiers on his hands and no currency to use in paying them.

The idea that wealth could exist and be enjoyed with little or no money in circulation is inconceivable today even in a country still as young and self-reliant as Canada. Nevertheless there was gracious luxurious and romantic life in New France, a condition this country shared with other young communities in the New World.

Life on the hacienda of Mexico and on the Spanish *ranchero* in California was filled with the color that wealth and privilege create. The plantation days in the southern states remain in the memory because of the gracious living the owners enjoyed. A similar standard of gracious living in New France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can be traced to the seigneurial system which grew out of the determination to perpetuate in Canada the feudal fabric of France.

It Became a Luxury

The seigneurial system was, however, a natural development. The first settlers were completely dependent on France and continued so for many decades. Few of them had any aptitude for the difficult task they were supposed to perform—the clearing and cultivation of the land—and so they had to be fed and endowed and pampered. New France became a luxury which the French kings found highly expensive, and only the pompous determination of Louis XIV to set up a state modeled on the lines he conceived to be perfect kept the Canadian experiment from being abandoned. It was too much to expect that people who existed under these conditions would have any capacity for self-government. The paternal system suited them. It was familiar to them and it was workable. It seems to have been accepted without serious question or grumbling.

It was started early in the hope that men of initiative would take over the land and make it productive. But the early seigneurs were mostly partners in the various companies set up in France to "farm" the fur trade, men who entertained the hope that the colony would flourish (without any effort or expense on their part) and that the land in time would become valuable automatically. They did not send out settlers and they made no effort to clear the land. They do not seem to have gone through the ceremony of swearing fealty to the King for their holdings except in rare cases. King Louis had



When good friends get together
they say O.K. for

O'Keefe's

EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE

been very definite on this point. The owners of grants must repair to the citadel of St. Louis and on bended knee before the governor, as representative of the King, take a solemn oath to obey him in all things.

When Talon became intendant, he proceeded to put things on a sounder basis. The grants which had not been developed were confiscated. To take the place of the absentee landlords the new administration developed the plan of granting fiefs to the officers of the Carignan regiment in the hope of persuading them to settle permanently in Canada and thus provide protection by their presence from Indian aggression. This resulted in the dotting of new seigneuries along the shores of the St. Lawrence and between the forts on the Richelieu, which was the route the Iroquois took in attacking the French. Twenty-five officers in all and nearly four hundred soldiers elected to stay in the colony.

At first glance this seemed to offer the solution which had been sought; but the soldier does not often make a good settler. The officers were even less suited to the life. Olivier Morel de la Durantaye was one of the few

The system followed was liberal in conception. The seigneur paid nothing for his land and his only obligation, other than to clear a stipulated amount each year and to collect settlers about him, was to pay a *quint* or one-fifth of the value of the land if it were sold or passed out of the hands of the immediate family. The seigneur in turn parceled it out to settlers or *censitaires* at a nominal rate which was paid to him yearly on St. Martin's Day and consisted of half a sou and a pint of wheat, or sometimes a few capons, for each arpent of land. It was part of the bargain that the *censitaire* must bring his grain to the seigneurial mill and that he must submit to the ancient *corvée* by which he worked six days each year without pay on the seigneur's land. Certainly this plan was not burdensome on the settlers who thus paid no more than ten or twelve sous and a bushel of grain for their farms. Because of this nominal rent the seigneur had to find other means of achieving an income instead of living off his land. It should be added that at the inception of the system the manor house of the seigneur was often no more than a log cabin of two rooms.

The policy of Talon was successful in the long run. In 1667, a few years after he had assumed the duties of intendant, a census was taken which showed 11,448 arpents under cultivation in all of New France. There were in the colony 3,107 head of cattle and 85 sheep. In the course of another year the acreage rose to 15,649. An arpent, it should be explained, was both a unit of length and of area. The lineal arpent was 192 feet, the arpent of area about five sixths of an acre.

Gradually the system began to take hold. Many of the seigneurs became prosperous and their houses took on manorial proportions. Furniture was imported from France. Elegant chandeliers, snowy napery and fine table appointment became the rule rather than the exception. There was never a great deal of wealth in the country by continental standards, but the land, helped out by participation in the fur trade, provided enough for the seigneur to become a *gentilhomme* in practice as well as in name. The system was feudal, it is true, but it supplied the merits of feudalism rather than the faults. A share of the prosperity certainly was handed down to the habitant. He lived in reasonable comfort, if not ease, and he was able to provide for the large families he brought into the world. There was always a *dot* for the daughters and a parcel of land for the sons when they were ready to assume the burdens of life for themselves.

This reflection of the elegance of French life was maintained against an adventurous background: the coming and going of the *courcours de bois*, the fur flotillas arriving for the annual fairs, the gallant efforts of the bolder spirits to destroy boundaries and horizons and set the flag of France over the great west. The people, rich and poor, settled and footloose, were gay and mettlesome. Their customs and habits and conceits have conveyed to later ages a picture of life which was highly picturesque; their songs echo through the pages of their history.

It is not strange that an aura of romance still clings to the stories of these early years. ★

NEXT ISSUE • PART ELEVEN

Those
Magnificent Vagabonds



MACLEAN'S

exceptions. The training of the average officer had been along the wrong lines. He considered himself a *gentilhomme* and was convinced that he must not soil his hands with labor. Some of them nearly starved as a result. Certainly there was little or no romance in the life of the seigneur in the first days. Writing to the King as late as 1687, Intendant Champigny said: "It is pitiable to see their children, of which they have great numbers, passing all summer with nothing on them but a shirt; and their wives and daughters working in the fields." Ten years earlier another official had supplied the reason for this in one of his reports. The seigneurs, he declared, "spend most of their time in hunting and fishing. As their requirements in food and clothing are greater than those of the simple 'habitants,' they mix themselves up in trade, run into debt on all hands, incite the young habitants to range the woods, and send their own children there to trade for furs . . . Yet with all this they are miserably poor."

The success of the effort to turn swords into plowshares was, therefore, short-lived. Gradually a more realistic view was adopted and the land was portioned out to men who had already demonstrated their capacity, settlers of the stamp of Robert Giffard, Jacques le Ber and Charles le Moynes.



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MMAU154

The Lady Lawyers Who Are Fighting Napoleon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

college the partners themselves have had a personal struggle against what they once jointly termed "the outworn antifeminism of medieval France." At McGill they were two of three women in a law class of 75. They had to put up with a deal of ragging and though this was good-natured it left them with the impression that the Quebec Bar, which has admitted women only since 1942, regarded them as precocious. "At the best," says Joan Gilchrist, "we were novelties."

On several occasions they had clashes with male class traditions and sentiments.

It was customary for the men to throw a stag party once a term and the lecturers winked at the fact that they didn't turn up for class next day. Mrs. Holmes proposed the women students hold a hen party. The three of them went on the town but it turned out to be a mild affair over a few cocktails and next morning they were fit enough to study. As they entered class the men booed them for breaking precedent.

Once before a lecture the women sensed an uncomfortable silence—and the reasons for it. They kept their places with determination and the men students began coughing and shuffling their feet. The lecturer mopped his brow, harrumphed, and said, "I presume you are aware of the subject this morning." Said Mrs. Holmes firmly, "We are." There was another spell of coughing. Uneasily the lecturer then asked, "Shall I proceed?" Said Miss Gilchrist, "By all means." Whereupon the lecturer plunged desperately into a highly detailed dissertation on the law as it pertains to homosexuality.

On graduation in 1948 Mrs. Holmes and Miss Gilchrist faced competition in a provincial professional field already overcrowded by men. They were among the first dozen female lawyers in Quebec. Even today there are only 38. Miss Gilchrist won a traveling scholarship and went off to Paris for a year to study international law. Mrs. Holmes' husband said she was too old to start working for somebody else and set her up on her own. She became a specialist in cases arising out of domestic disputes.

Business was slow at first but she stuck to her desk. Back at her home in the Town of Mount Royal her husband Elbert and her daughter Diane pitched into a share of the housekeeping. Gradually Wilhelmina Holmes prospered and employed domestic help at home. Women came to her with husband troubles because, most of them said, they felt she would understand them better than male lawyers.

Joan Gilchrist returned from Paris and for two years worked for another law firm. By 1951 Mrs. Holmes' practice was too big for her to handle alone and she took her old classmate into partnership. At the end of this year Mrs. Holmes' daughter, now 24 and a recent law graduate of McGill, will enter the firm as a third partner.

Miss Gilchrist describes her older partner as "the heart" of the partnership and Mrs. Holmes describes her as "the brain." Mrs. Holmes wins the confidence of the clients and Miss Gilchrist plans the intricate legal strategy of their case. Today both are familiar figures in the Montreal courts, but none of the courts has got around yet to providing a changing room for women lawyers and they have to use the rest rooms provided for female witnesses.

At first there was some confusion as to how they should dress. Quebec law decrees that women must wear a hat in court. Lawyers, however, are required to appear bareheaded. At last it was decided that they, and the handful of other women lawyers, were lawyers first and women second. So they appear hatless. They wear the same gown as the male lawyers. Beneath the gown the men always wear dark suits, wing collars, and rabats, or white string ties. The women wear dark suits too. Their rabats are a little more feminine than those worn by the men.

The gown is compulsory only when a judge is handing down a decision or passing sentence. Thus, when women lawyers appear in court for only a few minutes, to ask for an adjournment or a summons, they don't put one on. Occasionally they are mistaken for spectators and court officials try to throw them out of the lawyers' seats or tell them to cover their heads.

During a court recess recently Mrs. Holmes walked in the corridors and like the male lawyers lighted a cigarette. A policeman said, "Women are not allowed to smoke in here." Said she, "I'm a lawyer and lawyers have permission." "Ah," said the policeman, "but you're a woman." She replied, "My sex does not affect my professional privileges." The cop snapped, "Put that cigarette out!" She refused. A small crowd gathered. "I'll report you," said the cop, shaking his finger, "to the chief registrar." "Good," she said, "I shall be delighted to get a ruling." A male lawyer then said, "You keep on chain smoking, Mrs. Holmes, and establish the precedent." At this the policeman flung up his arms and walked away. He never did report her. She has since smoked in court corridors without interference.

Some male lawyers are still fazed when the women partners appear against them. One lawyer complained to the judge, "In this case I am at a disadvantage. I cannot use the words I wish to use because I am opposed by a woman." Mrs. Holmes rapped the desk impatiently with a pencil, "Oh go ahead," she said. "I can take it."

Another male lawyer left his junior to conduct the preliminaries of the case and only entered court to make the final plea. Not having seen Mrs. Holmes addressing the court he confused her with a witness whose status as a mother-in-law had had an important bearing on the case. Castigating the evidence of the witness, the male lawyer swung round suddenly and pointing at Mrs. Holmes said, "As for that lying mother-in-law there . . ."

The judge held up his hand. "Permit me," he said, "to introduce you to your learned opponent."

Like all good lawyers, Mrs. Holmes and Miss Gilchrist try to keep their cases out of court and much of their work borders on marriage counseling. Recently a young married woman discovered that her husband had a mistress. When the wife taxed the husband with his infidelity he left the house in a huff and went to live with his mistress. He gave his wife a good allowance and legally there was little the firm of Holmes and Gilchrist could do for her except institute divorce proceedings. They quickly found out that the wife wanted nothing more than her husband back and at writing are tactfully trying to arrange a reconciliation.

One client's trouble lay in the fact she had been living with a man to whom she was unmarried for twenty years. The lawyers got their client and her companion together and persuaded the man to accept marriage in principle. But he kept putting off the date. "When he finally screws up his courage," says Lawyer Holmes, "they'll be married in our office and Joan and I will be the bridesmaids."

Wife Becomes Servant

The most downtrodden woman the two lawyers ever represented had been deserted back in depression days by her husband, a casual laborer. Unable to provide for her children she had seen them removed by municipal authorities to institutions. After the war her husband went into business and suddenly became wealthy. As the children reached an age to leave the institution he collected them one by one, in his Cadillac, and took them to his \$40,000 home. When all the children were under his roof the mother was also invited back to join them.

But there was a snag: the man was living with another woman and the mother's role was to be that of domestic servant. For the sake of being near her children she put up with this indignity. Then the children began to marry. When the last child was married the mother-servant was dismissed by her husband. He didn't give his wife a penny. So she made her living washing dishes in a hot-dog stand. Holmes and Gilchrist took action against the husband and got the wife an allowance of \$200 a month.

"That poor woman," says Mrs. Holmes, "had become so defeated and lonely that even with the allowance she went on working in the hot-dog stand because she liked the company."

Many cases have given the lawyers ammunition for their campaign against Quebec's antifeminist laws. One of these arose out of the fact that in Quebec a wife who leaves her home is presumed to have deserted her husband. She has no legal claim to the custody of the children until she can prove in court that she has been ill-treated. Pending the hearing of the case the father is entitled to the children. In all other provinces the mother and father are presumed to have an equal right to the children until one parent is awarded custody by the court. Quebec's militant law had at least one militant result.

A young mother came to see Holmes and Gilchrist. She had quit an unbearable domestic situation and taken her baby with her. A few days later the husband went to her new lodgings when she was out and seized the baby from the care of neighbors. Joan Gilchrist advised the mother there was nothing they could do for her until the case was brought to court and ill-treatment proved. Whereupon the mother went back to her husband's house and watched it. When he slipped out for a few minutes she stole her baby back again and fled over the Ontario border.

In Ontario the husband made a second but unsuccessful attempt to recover the baby. This so unnerved the mother that she flew to England where she knew her Canadian citizenship entitled her to sanctuary and the opportunity to make a living. There, for the moment, the case rests.

"A clear example," says Mrs. Holmes, "of a woman being driven out of the country by an unjust law."

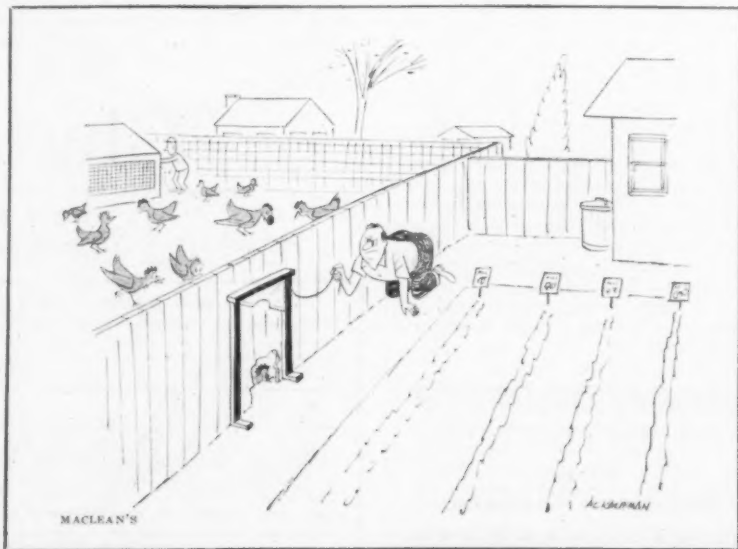
Although few lawyers believe Holmes and Gilchrist will ever succeed in chipping out all Quebec's anti-female laws they already have one sizable chip to their credit.

Early in 1953 they were convinced that the province needed a bill to force runaway husbands to maintain their wives and families. Between 15,000 and 20,000 Quebec husbands had skipped over the Ontario border and left their dependents destitute. Other provinces had mutual agreements under which they rounded up one another's domestic deserters and forced them to send funds to their wives. Quebec, however, had no such reciprocal arrangement for maintenance orders.

For several months Holmes and Gilchrist addressed women's groups like the Business and Professional Women's Club, IODE chapters and Home and School associations on the need for bringing Quebec into line with other provinces. Elbert Holmes, who acted as his wife's chauffeur, recalls, "I heard that speech so many times that in the end I could recite it word for word myself."

The Montreal Council of Women, a body representing more than a hundred women's organizations, added its weight to the cause. For it the women lawyers drafted the rough terms of the sort of bill they wanted passed. Then the council began to lobby provincial members of parliament. Mrs. Holmes headed a delegation which finally was invited to meet Premier Duplessis. Duplessis said he would not give the bill two minutes' thought if any of its terms conflicted with the spirit of the civil code.

Apparently he decided none did. Last year the provincial government passed a Bill for the Reciprocal Enforcement of Maintenance Orders. In the spring of this year the first man to be arrested under its provisions—a Montrealeur who had not maintained his family for three years—was picked up by the police in Toronto. On evidence by affidavit from Quebec he was forced to shoulder a maintenance order. If he fails to remit



funds to his family his wages will be garnisheed. Since then scores of other absconding husbands have been made to meet their obligations.

George Corbett, director of the Montreal Society for the Protection of Women and Children, says, "In the future thousands of deserted women will owe what help they get to Mrs. Holmes and Miss Gilchrist."

Wilhelmina Holmes, whose friends call her Billy, has been interested in law and reform since girlhood. Born in Kingston, she took an arts course at Queen's University. After graduation she married Elbert Holmes, who had been Queen's champion lightweight boxer and had studied telephone engineering. They moved to Toronto. During the depression she helped the family budget by working as an instructor in the staff-training school of a Toronto department store. Shortly before the war the Holmes family moved to Ottawa. There she sat on the Canadian-American Inter-Citizenship Committee.

Since his wife's graduation Elbert has been proud of her progress and interested in her work. "It's been the happiest six years of our lives," he says. "I used to come home from the office wondering what I could talk about to Billy. What can you say to a woman about engineering? Now she comes home full of interesting news of the people she's met and the cases she's fighting and sometimes she keeps me fascinated until midnight."

Some Are Beyond Help

Mrs. Holmes is interested solely in domestic law cases. "Take the people out of law," she says, "and I lose interest." Her partner, who keeps the books, has a more statistical and technical mind and usually handles the non-domestic suits.

Miss Gilchrist is a native of Montreal and a graduate of McGill in arts. Before the war she was a schoolteacher and in 1942 was one of the first to join the Wrens. She was commissioned and spent the rest of the war in Ottawa on duties connected with convoy movements.

"After that," she says, "I was in no mood for going back to schoolteaching."

Although they have never wavered in their determination to help the women of Quebec win a new deal from the law, Holmes and Gilchrist occasionally have to admit that some women are still womanly enough to be beyond help.

One of these telephoned Mrs. Holmes late one night and screamed that her husband was battering down the bedroom door and threatening to beat her up.

The lawyer called the police who raced round to the house in time to prevent violence.

Later the woman came to Holmes and Gilchrist for help, saying she was always beaten up in the bedroom when her husband came home drunk. The lawyers decided to take action for assault.

The woman asked what she should do while the case was pending. Mrs. Holmes told her she should lock herself up at night in the guest room.

A few days later the woman came to the office again. Mrs. Holmes was shocked to see that "she was all black-and-blue." Once more, she complained, she had been beaten up.

"Did you lock yourself in that guest room?" the lawyer asked.

"No," said the woman.

"But why not?" she demanded.

"Well, you see," said the woman sheepishly, "we keep our television set in the bedroom." ★



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Each week the magazine grew more barbed. Some of the articles were so modernist that they were difficult to understand, much less enjoy. But there were patches of brilliance. The curious thing was that it was becoming increasingly political. It preached no policy but it lampooned the politicians with a reckless audacity.

Then one day it came out with a full-page cartoon that was utterly revolting. Even the wretched Schleicher in the days of Hitler could hardly have been more cruel. The cartoon consisted merely of a drawing of Churchill. Not only was Churchill depicted as old, but senile. And not content with senility the artist gave his face a look of impotent lechery. There was only one word for the drawing. It was obscene.

As a couple of political friends were lunching with me next day I called up Muggeridge and asked him to join us. And so he came to my house.

What is he like? He has a tousled head of rough, wiry, unruly grey hair which somehow gives an impression of youth rather than age. His eyes are light and mischievous, his voice is vigorous and he wears the kind of clothes which show at once that he has no interest in his tailor.

At luncheon we set about him like three matadors at a bull. We denounced him for his Churchill cartoon. We declared him to be a savage, a barbarian and a bloody villain. He enjoyed it all and fought back gamely.

"You don't understand," he said. "I love Churchill so much that I don't want him to stay on and dim his own glory."

The redoubtable Sir Robert Boothby, who sits in the House as a Tory, raised his hands in mock supplication. "My dear Muggeridge," he said, "I sincerely hope you will never love me."

In fact the debate was so violent that Boothby shouted: "There's only one thing wrong with this luncheon. We have too few listeners!" Needless to say, Muggeridge was unrepentant but we hoped that some of our thrusts had pierced his hide.

A few weeks later he told me he was going to Canada to make some speeches and I gave him letters to friends who would greet him with the hospitality that is so warmly and typically Canadian. Then I gave him a warning. "Up to the present," I said, "Britain's relations with Canada are cordial." He solemnly promised to be good.

Just to end this part of my narrative let me put on record that Muggeridge returned from Canada so starry-eyed that he was like a young man who has fallen in love for the first time. "I would have been happy to stay in Vancouver," he said, "and never leave it."

If it had been Toronto I would have understood, but fortunately all men do not fall in love with the same woman—or the same city.

For some time Punch behaved itself very well although it took some barbed digs at Lord Beaverbrook and made fun of newspapers and, of course, politicians. Then came the crucial conference at Geneva with the disaster of Indo-China blackening the skies. Anthony Eden was in charge of the British delegation and he went to his task with a prayer in his heart that somehow he would bring the world nearer to sanity. He had to deal with Molotov at a moment when the black tide of Communism was moving ominously across the continent of Asia. He had to deal with Dulles who seems to have no clearer idea of American foreign policy than anyone else.

Talk, talk, talk. Conference all day, conference at night, conference in their dreams. And nothing emerged.

Sir Robert Boothby went to Geneva to have a look and when he came back he told half a dozen of us that not only was Eden making the fight of his life but that in stature he dominated the whole scene. Perhaps there is no shrewder political observer in our public life than Boothby. It is true that he also has a warm personality and (sometimes) a generous mind, but he looked at Geneva with detachment.

"Eden is carrying the whole weight on his shoulders," he said. "He is merciless on himself. If war is averted, if peace really comes, Eden will be the man who did it."

That night I took up Punch by my bedside and roamed through its pages. And then I came upon a full-page cartoon of Eden. My first impulse was to seize the telephone, get Muggeridge



out of bed and denounce him in such terms that he would shrivel like a raisin. Then I remembered that Punch had revived the custom of a monthly luncheon at its offices and that I would be attending one next day. So my fury would have to wait until then.

No politician worth his salt objects to criticism or attack. He would prefer praise but then even a politician is human. But an attack upon him must not be so cruel that it offends the very standards of human decency.

Here in Punch is an Anthony Eden so ghoulishly thin that his morning coat hangs on him like a shroud and his wing collar reveals almost a skeleton's throat. He is smiling conceitedly as he raises his hat to the plaudits of the Geneva crowd and the smile reveals two front teeth that dominate the face and seem to be the only teeth he has. The eyes are watery and the stringy grey hair comes over his ears.

Not content with this vicious caricature, and perhaps fearful that the readers would not get the meaning, the cartoonist gives Eden an attaché case in which the initials "N.C." are crossed out and the initials "A.E." substituted. To make sure that even the stupidest mind will get it there is a suitcase in which the new label, "Geneva" partially covers an old label marked "Munich."

Although Eden resigned in 1938 as a protest against Munich, he has now, according to Punch, taken on Chamberlain's role. He is doing a Geneva on us instead of a Munich, and apparently there is no difference between them.

I do not criticize the political aspect of the cartoon. If Punch wants to lampoon our representative at a conference which is trying to save the world from disaster there is no law to prevent it. The Press must be free even if it abuses the rights freedom bestows. And I have seldom seen a greater abuse than this.

When a man has been sick for months and comes back to his task with a body that has perilously lost weight, you do not ridicule him for his thinness. When a statesman is fighting his country's cause in a foreign capital you do not ridicule his face and proclaim that his legs, like his mind, are weak and wobbly.

But Muggeridge was unrepentant. There were about twenty guests at luncheon, mostly authors, politicians and editors, and we hurled invective at our host without mercy. Muggeridge did not make light of it. He fought back by saying that in Britain we have become so namby-pamby that we are afraid to be impolite to anybody. "Politicians are fair game" was the basis of his defense.

A strange, cantankerous, lovable creature. He has a warm heart and a mind which is both generous and cruel. But in his anxiety to portray Eden as a self-infatuated peddler of peace he strikes not only at Eden but at Britain.

In fact, the U.S. magazine Time seized on it at once and reproduced the cartoon in its pages. No one can criticize Time for that. It was completely proper to show their readers how a British politician was regarded by an important British publication.

But, as Shakespeare observed, the evil that men do lives after them. On the same page as the reproduction of the offending cartoon Time publishes a sustained and almost savage attack on British political leaders. For sheer, pretentious muddle-headedness can you beat this sentence? "Though most outsiders know that Churchill is getting old, few realize just how old and feeble he has become." What in the name of kindergarten grammar does this mean? Most outsiders know that Churchill is getting old. What do the rest of the outsiders know?—that he is getting young? Even a public absorbed with comic strips must have heard that Sir Winston Spencer Churchill is a man of some years.

The magazine is not content with weeping crocodile tears over Churchill's senility but it goes after Eden as well. As many of you know, I was and am a supporter of Chamberlain and Munich. But there was a group in the party against Munich, and Eden expressed their feelings and his own when he resigned as Foreign Secretary.

Supposing Munich had prevented war. Supposing that America had grown up in a night and declared that she would stand by France and Britain. Hitler would have disappeared from the scene and there would have been no war. And Eden would never have held office again.

But how does Time regard his courageous action?

I have sat with Eden in the House of Commons for eighteen years and no man can fool the British parliament for long. It is like the front-line trench in war—your comrades know exactly what you are.

Eden is a man of honor and a man of courage. To say, as Time does, that he resigned his great office because Salisbury urged him to do it as a matter of political expediency, is a distortion of history.

But I must put down my pen and take my dog Disraeli for a walk.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. I charge you with unintentional but grave disservice to the British people in the cartoons you published of Churchill and Eden.

Although you are an ardent patriot you have weakened the faith of your own people and given encouragement to those who seek to prove that Great Britain is a declining nation led by senility and timidity in high places.★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

seven and a half percent. The average markup for all items in different chain stores ranged from 12.75 percent to 14 percent. To the tobaccoists, this proved that the chains' cigarette prices were unfairly low.

It turned out, though, that the average markup was almost a meaningless figure. Staple items like eggs and bread were retailed at markups of only four or five percent. Luxury items like tinned lobster or caviar might be marked up sky-high. How, asked the commission, could chain stores be compelled to charge the average markup for any one particular item?

Opponents of the loss-leader system did not succeed, either, in proving their contention that it was driving small shopkeepers into bankruptcy. Figures were produced to show that bankruptcies in Canada had gone up a bit since resale price maintenance was forbidden, but there was little or no attempt to prove one fact the result of the other.

Indeed, the enquiry raised some doubt whether the small shopkeeper is the one to suffer from the law against price maintenance. Even in the days of the Stevens probe of price spreads twenty years ago, the large department store had begun to lose its competitive advantage in price over the little shop. That trend seems to have continued.

Today the so-called discount house—which lives by ignoring the suggested price which the manufacturer can no longer enforce—is a small shop. It compensates for a low profit margin not by huge purchases and huge turnover, but by cheap quarters, scant service and small net returns. At the old suggested prices it couldn't possibly compete against the big shops—so repeal would put this small merchant out of business.

One discount house in Toronto is owned by a man who got out of the army in 1945 with nothing but his re-establishment credits. He started on a shoestring. Now he employs fifty people and does an annual gross business of \$4,500,000 worth of electrical appliances.

By way of contrast, a regular dealer who still observes the suggested prices would employ fifty people to handle a gross business of only \$1,000,000 a year. To the opponents of price-cutting, this proves that the discount house is a threat to Canadian employment. To the believer in price competition, it proves that a lot of people in the retail trade are wasting their time.

IN ITS REPORT, the commission is unlikely to take sides in this argument. It is expected, though, to leave the decision up to the Canadian consumer. Those who like service can go right on paying the suggested price to the

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regular dealer. Those who prefer to pay less money can get the same article for a lower price but with no service at all.

Like Fred A. MacGregor's report on international cartels just after the war (MacGregor was Combines Investigation Commissioner from 1923 until he resigned on an issue of principle in 1949), the loss-leader report is outside the regular work of the commission, which is to identify and break up combines in restraint of trade. Since 1924 hundreds of investigations have been started, but the majority were dropped when it appeared no violation of the act had taken place. Of the 38 reports completed and published, 19 led to prosecutions (one case is still pending) and 14 of these resulted in convictions. Four ended in acquittals; one is still before the courts.

In addition to the 38 published reports, four were completed but not published during the R. B. Bennett regime, 1930-35. Prime Minister Bennett believed very strongly that publication of an adverse report was itself a penalty which should not be imposed except by judgment of a court. One of MacGregor's four cases between 1930 and 1935 resulted in prosecution and conviction, but the rest remain secret.

Until the end of World War II MacGregor ran the Combines Investigation Commission almost singlehandedly. (During the war he worked with the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and his peacetime duties were almost entirely suspended.) MacGregor would have to do most of the initial detective work, then hold the enquiries and hear witnesses, and finally write the report on which, in fifty percent of all cases, prosecutions were based.

Critics of the Combines Investigation Act used to contend that MacGregor was acting as policeman, prosecutor and judge. When the act was rewritten in 1952, the setup was changed to meet this criticism. T. D. MacDonald, who succeeded MacGregor as commissioner, became director of research and investigation—he prepares the cases but no longer hears them. The evidence is presented to a three-man board which then produces a report.

WHEN HON. PAUL MARTIN, Minister of National Health and Welfare, introduced a bill to repeal the National Physical Fitness Act, the debate lasted about ninety seconds. George Drew, Opposition Leader, said: "Mr. Speaker, before this bill is agreed to, it should simply be explained that it has been ineffective and that the minister is taking the proper course."

Said Martin: "Mr. Speaker, for the first time in a long time I am able to agree fully with what the Leader of the Opposition has said."

Thus unwept, there passed into oblivion one of the most curious experiments ever conducted by the federal government. The National Physical Fitness Act was something which, it now appears, nobody ever really wanted—yet it lasted ten and a half years at a cost of about \$225,000 a year.

The act was passed in late 1943 when army rejections had shown that the average Canadian is in lamentable physical shape. Parliament, having done its duty by the national physique, apparently forgot all about it from then on. Under the terms of the act a director of physical fitness was appointed, and agreements were concluded with several provinces whereby Ottawa was to assist provincial fitness programs with expert advice and modest amounts of money.

As it turned out, the amounts of money were so modest that the provinces wouldn't listen to any advice.

Grants were apportioned on a population basis, and they were pretty puny—P. E. I., for example, got \$1,500 a year. The National Physical Fitness Council, made up of provincial representatives, spent most of its time and energy pestering Ottawa for more. Since the Department of National Health and Welfare, which inherited the physical fitness administration, never regarded it as anything but an unwanted step-child, these appeals fell on chronically deaf ears. The Physical Fitness Council never accomplished much of anything, and the job for which it was

originally created has not been tackled. Why, then, did the act remain in force for more than a decade?


Because some of the provincial agreements, signed in 1944, ran for ten years. The physical fitness division has been preserved, like a fossil, in the amber of a dominion-provincial pact.

Meanwhile, though, its national director has busied herself with other tasks. Dr. Doris Plewes, a PhD in education who has held the job since 1946, is a voluminous writer of pamphlets on physical fitness. These have turned out to be the most popular of

all that the Welfare Department produces. Only the mental-health series, put out by National Health, has equalled them in volume of public demand.

Dr. Plewes will stay on with Health and Welfare and will continue to write pamphlets and supervise film material. Federal co-operation and counsel will still be available to any province that wants it. Indeed, now that the National Physical Fitness Act is dead and buried, there's a fair chance that some of its objectives may at last begin to be achieved. ★

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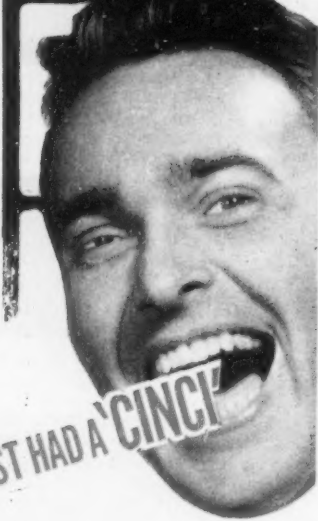
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What Will the Seaway Do To Your Town?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

their heavy engines located centrally in order to weather ocean storms. This means a smaller cargo hold. Lake ships, on the other hand, can have engines and boilers crowded to the stern, pilot-house right up at the bow, and a huge unencumbered cargo hold stretching in-between. The result is a ship with tremendous cargo capacity, but a weak "middle" that would cause it to break in half in any respectable Atlantic gale. Practically all lake ships now being built have cargo capacities of 25,000 tons. The typical ocean carrier is a 10,000-tonner.

The ore route from Seven Islands to Lake Erie is all within protected water. Lake freighters, because of the lower freight rates their greater capacity permits, are certain to handle practically all of this ore traffic.

This will mean that at the end of every trip the ore ships are going to find themselves sitting empty on Lake Erie. And they are going to search hard for down-bound cargoes to pay expenses on the return trip, or part of it, to the Seven Islands ore docks. The principal down-bound cargoes will be grain from the Canadian prairies, most of it destined for export to Great Britain, and U. S. coal moving from Lake Erie ports to centres like Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal.

With the seaway completed there will be no physical barrier to prevent British ocean ships from sailing up the Great Lakes to Fort William and loading grain there, but there will be an economic barrier in that the ore boats will carry this grain to Montreal and below far cheaper than ocean vessels.

Many of the ore boats will be able to pick up U. S. coal on Lake Erie for their down-bound trip, but since there are only about five million tons of coal per year going by ship to Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, against ten million tons of down-bound grain, shipping officials expect to see a majority of the ore boats adopt the following round-trip schedule: they will carry iron ore from Seven Islands to Lake Erie, proceed empty to the lakehead, clean ship and load grain, return probably to Montreal where they will unload their grain for transfer to an ocean carrier, then down river to Seven Islands for another cargo of ore.

All told, it is estimated that upbound ore and down-bound grain and coal will represent more than 60 percent of the new seaway's tonnage. The main ship traffic, therefore, will not be romantic tramps encrusted with the brine of the seven seas and flying the flags of foreign lands; it will be largely the same pot-bellied, none-too-pretty but efficient lake freighters which ply the Great Lakes today.

"The seaway will bring a great many more ocean ships into the Great Lakes," says transport economist McLeod, "but the lake freighter isn't going out of business; it's going to have even more work to do."

Now, against this general background, let's examine the seaway's economic potentialities in more detail, region by region across Canada.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Although the industrial area of Ontario and Quebec expects to reap the main benefits of the seaway, the gain relative to existing industrialization will be far less than that of Newfoundland and Labrador. "The outstanding industrial stimulation," Transport Minister Chevrier has said, "promises to be in the ore

fields of Labrador and Quebec's Ungava. The seaway will lead to a far greater and more rapid development of the ore fields. And it has been arranged that the men to be employed in Labrador shall be recruited as far as possible in Newfoundland. The mines will provide the province with a substantial royalty revenue and vast new employment opportunities."

The iron fields, their railroads and port will require thousands of families. The combination of seaway and iron ore promises to be to Newfoundland a slightly smaller edition of what oil and pipe lines have been to Alberta. Seven Islands, a backwoods Quebec hamlet of 600 whites and 600 Indians five years ago, will burgeon after the seaway opening into Canada's No. 1 port from the standpoint of cargo tonnage handled. All of that 20 million tons of ore per year will have to pass out through Seven Islands' harbor. Montreal, Canada's leading port today, handles about 15 million tons of water freight a year, but the comparison is not a fair one because iron ore is extremely heavy and handled by automatic means, whereas much of Montreal's freight is general cargo in bulky consignments requiring individual handling and distribution.

MARITIMES: The seaway will add both credits and debits to the Maritimes' economy. For one thing, Maritimers are close to Labrador and its promising new field of employment.

According to Rand H. Matheson, executive manager of the Maritimes Transportation Commission, Halifax and Saint John, the Maritimes' two main ports, will handle a smaller tonnage after the seaway is completed. But since these ports even now handle ocean freight to and from central Canada largely in winter when the St. Lawrence is frozen, Matheson believes the reduction caused by the seaway may not be large. Engineers say the suggestion to keep the seaway route open with icebreakers is impractical because the broken ice would flow through and wreck the powerhouse turbines. So exports and imports of general cargo which require a continuous twelve-month movement, will still require Halifax and Saint John in winter.

But traffic in grain, the principal winter export through Halifax and Saint John, may decrease sharply, for the seaway will move grain more rapidly down the Great Lakes to Montreal and overseas, leaving smaller winter carry-overs to be shipped by

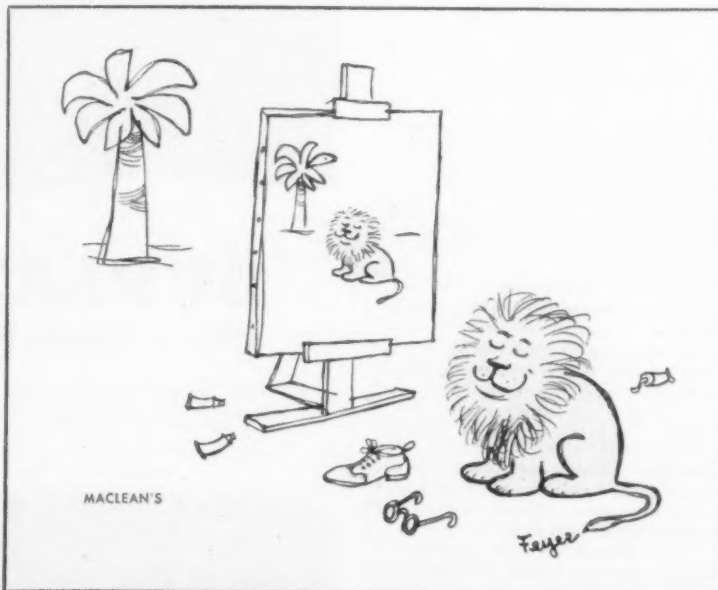
rail to the Maritime ports for export.

Because of the present shallow St. Lawrence canals there is little regular water freight traffic between Maritimes and Great Lakes ports. Maritimers have always complained that rail freight rates to central Canada have been unjustly high because of the lack of water competition, claiming that this has been one of the principal barriers to Maritime development. The new St. Lawrence canals may change this. Many Maritimes products like pulpwood, paper, lumber and steel which now reach central Canada largely by rail will come by ship at a saving of several dollars per ton. New Brunswick's pulp and paper industry, already the province's main employer, may find new markets in central Canada and the U. S.

Three Maritimes products that may not benefit from the seaway are coal, sugar and potatoes. Because they are harvested late, potatoes are not ready to be shipped until after the St. Lawrence is frozen, and so they have to be shipped by rail. Raw sugar comes by ship from the West Indies and is refined at Montreal and the Maritimes. Some sugar companies are said to be considering moving their refineries into Ontario—the main market—when the seaway permits a direct ship haul between the West Indies and the Great Lakes.

The long-anticipated seaway boost for Nova Scotia's hard-pressed coal industry now seems likely to backfire. Because of the stiff competition from U. S. coal, Maritimes coal comes westward only as far as Montreal, and needs a government freight subsidy to make it competitive with U. S. coal even that far. Now, with the entry of Labrador ore into the seaway picture it looks as if Maritimes coal is still going to be on the losing end as far as Ontario markets are concerned.

Competition between ore boats for down-bound cargoes will be stiff because there will be 20 million tons of upbound ore against 15 million tons of down-bound grain and coal. And coal will be a popular down-bound cargo because it will be loaded at U. S. Lake Erie ports, eliminating the empty run to the lakehead necessary to get grain. It is expected that U. S. coal rates to Canadian ports like Toronto and Montreal will be bid down sharply, and a transport department official predicted that freight subsidies would probably still be required to keep Maritimes coal competitive with U. S. coal as far as Montreal.



53

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COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Toronto and Hamilton are squaring off for the big seaway duel: Who'll get the foreign-ship traffic?

on ocean ships. "But every lake town isn't going to sprout suddenly with factories simply because it will be able to ship its products direct to Liverpool or Brussels," says a foreign-trade authority. "The effect will be a gradual broadening of markets for goods from the Great Lakes area; it won't produce overnight miracles. Ontario already has fairly good direct overseas shipping on small ocean vessels that can pass through the present St. Lawrence canals."

Although changes in export volume may come slowly, Ontario's foreign import pattern will probably change immediately. The big seaway question bothering Ontario today is: what ports?

By far the biggest Ontario market for both industrial raw materials and finished retail goods is an area within 50 miles of either Hamilton or Toronto harbors. Since ocean vessels may lack full return cargoes because of lake-ship competition and are prevented by law from trading between lake ports, they will unload, turn around and get back to Montreal as fast as they can. The big Chicago market will lure many deep into the Great Lakes, but it is expected that a large number will unload entire cargoes at Toronto or Hamilton rather than continue farther with uneconomical part cargoes for, say, Windsor or Fort William. Hamilton and Toronto, then, will grow greatly as distribution centres, their docks and warehouses handling foreign goods for as far as Winnipeg and beyond, in addition to goods for their own immediate regions.

But picking a winner in the Hamilton-Toronto duel for foreign-ship traffic is the seaway story's prize puzzle. Both have excellent natural harbors, with Hamilton's slightly the better. Toronto has the better rail service but Hamilton, with less traffic congestion, will clear truck traffic faster. They have about equal markets to serve as import harbors—Toronto, its own congested area; Hamilton, all of south-western Ontario. Perhaps the best indication of what will happen is what is happening now. Since 1946 the traffic of small canal-size ocean freighters into the Great Lakes has built up rapidly and Toronto has attracted more of this overseas tonnage than any other lake port—U. S. or Canadian. Last year 286 ocean ships called at Toronto, 210 at Hamilton and 162 at Chicago. Toronto's cargo tonnage unloaded was three times Hamilton's.

What Toronto and Hamilton gain in seaway traffic will be offset by losses they are beginning to feel now in coal and oil imports. The switch to oil heating has sharply cut coal imports, and now the rapid extension of pipe lines is cutting the importation of oil products by ship. But coal and oil are bulk cargoes handled largely by automatic means, whereas the new seaway cargoes will be general and package freight in small consignments that will require individual handling and warehousing. The result will be busier harbors, despite reduced tonnages, with more jobs for stevedores, truckers and railway crews, and more business for banks, export and import brokers.

What about the prediction that Toronto will have another million citizens? A transport department official agrees that an Ontario population jump of a million is probable, and he feels that judging by the present trend a big part of this growth—"maybe more than half"—will be in the Toronto area. The

factor that favors Toronto is not its harbor so much as the trend for industries to centralize. This probably means that Toronto's housing shortage will continue, some real-estate men hinting that prices can still go up in spite of the fact the seaway should reduce the Ontario price for some building materials.

But Toronto and Hamilton will not grab everything and secondary ports of call for ocean shipping will develop. Possibilities are Kingston, Cobourg, Port Credit (which already has received a \$4 million federal grant for harbor expansion), Port Colborne, Windsor, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William.

Some municipal authorities and boards of trade have predicted a revival of the small lake ports that were once flourishing pioneer towns

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I wouldn't give two hoots for one,
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salted cashews,
cocktails,
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PHILENE HAMMER

and have since receded into obscurity. McLeod, the Department of Transport economist, is not too optimistic on this score. "There will be individual exceptions," he said, "caused by new industries establishing in small lake-side towns that have harbors suitable for development. But in general the bigger ocean ships won't be able to afford to stop every 25 miles to unload a ton of cargo." Obviously many small lake ports will suffer through elimination of grain-transfer business—the transferring of cargo from ship to rail—when the seaway permits the big ore carriers to carry grain on their return trip direct from Lake Superior to Montreal.

Lake-shipping men suggest that the seaway could revive shipbuilding on the Great Lakes, especially at Georgian Bay ports where it became a booming industry during the war, and this may offset the grain-transfer losses.

PRAIRIES: No group stands to gain more from the St. Lawrence seaway than the prairie grain farmers. The cost of moving grain between Fort William and Montreal varies slightly, depending on the transfer port used, but averages 20 cents a bushel. Chevrier estimates that the seaway will cut costs six cents a bushel. On the present volume of grain coming eastward through the Great Lakes, this will mean a saving of about \$20 millions a year to prairie farmers.

What about the effect on Winnipeg? This prairie city dreamed of becoming a great city as gateway to the mushrooming west, but saw the dream explode when Vancouver boomed into the leading western distribution centre with completion of the Panama Canal during World War I.

The Panama Canal struck a double-barreled blow at Winnipeg. It made it cheaper to export a good deal of

prairie grain through Vancouver, grain which previously went east through Winnipeg. And it also made it cheaper to send much prairie-bound and B. C.-bound freight by ship to Vancouver for distribution, instead of by rail to Winnipeg for distribution from there. "Most of the British-made smallwares sold in Winnipeg stores," says H. Oldham, U. K. Trade Commissioner in Toronto, "have reached Winnipeg by way of the Panama Canal and Vancouver. This is cheaper for some goods than to unload them at Montreal and ship them west by rail from there."

Today about three million tons of grain per year go through Vancouver, and ten million tons through Winnipeg and the Great Lakes. There is a north-south line about 100 miles east of the Saskatchewan-Alberta border known in the grain trade as the "divide," west of which it is cheaper to ship grain to Britain via Vancouver and the Panama Canal, and east of which it is cheaper to ship via Winnipeg and the Great Lakes. The seaway, by cutting six cents a bushel off the Great Lakes freight rate, will shift this divide farther west and bring more grain east through Winnipeg.

No one will predict whether the seaway will return some of the freight traffic Winnipeg lost to the Panama all-water route and Vancouver. Most prairie-bound freight originating in Ontario and Quebec, such as farm implements and foodstuffs, already goes to Winnipeg by rail and is distributed from there. But many commodities moving from Ontario and Quebec to B. C., also many imports headed for western Canada from Europe go by the Panama Canal to Vancouver instead of crossing Canada by rail. With direct ship connections between Montreal and Fort William and between Europe and Fort William, freight traffic now using the Panama Canal may be diverted up the Great Lakes, and Winnipeg will become its distributional centre.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Japan and India are growing as grain markets and will continue to buy through Vancouver. But a grain-division official in the Department of Trade and Commerce predicted a cut, "maybe one third," in the flow of grain through Vancouver. At a cent a bushel for transfer costs, this would lose Vancouver about \$400,000 a year.

But the seaway will give British Columbia a much bigger market for its products in Ontario by permitting ships to travel direct from Vancouver through the Panama Canal to Ontario ports. Saguenay Terminals, the shipping company which handles most of today's Vancouver-Panama-Montreal trade, is now carrying cargoes of B. C. lumber, apples and canned fish to Montreal, but because of the Montreal-Toronto rail transshipment now required, it is cheaper for most B. C. products to come to Ontario by rail across the prairies.

On the seaway's regional box score, then, are both gains and losses. For the nation as a whole, economic adviser Dr. Firestone, who has an international reputation for hard-headed economic crystal gazing, sums it up: "The St. Lawrence seaway will set off a chain reaction that will have a greater cumulative impact on Canadian growth than anything that has happened since the building of the transcontinental railways." ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Dear Reader, Merry Christmas

THE OLD song about it being June in January has always had a certain significance around these offices for often enough we find ourselves planning articles for our June issue soon after New Year's Day. Conversely, by the time June comes around, we're deep into winter.

For instance, on June 21 this year, the longest day (and, it seemed to us, the hottest), we found ourselves gazing out of our window and think-



ing about a white Christmas. For, although many of our topical articles must be written, researched and rushed into type in a very short time, there are others which take several months and, in occasional cases, several years to go from idea to printed page.

The reason we were thinking about Christmas in June is that James Bannerman had just phoned to tell us that he had completed his researches into a rather unique Christmas idea which we expounded to him in February. And Peter Whalley, the mad cartoonist, had just delivered what seems to us to be a series of delightful cartoons with a Christmas flavor. Whalley started working on Christmas ideas, at our suggestion, toward the beginning of March. We could almost see the soft snow falling and hear the tinkle of yuletide bells and the heavy breathing of yuletide shoppers through the blue haze of summer.

At this point, however, we had to turn our attention to the spring of 1955. Back from a tour of the prairie provinces came Norval Bonisteel with a collection of rare photographs which we expect to publish about that time in connection with the



hundredth anniversaries of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Bonisteel spent several weeks digging them out of various archives and libraries all the way from Montreal to Calgary. Between now and next year we'll have completed our selection of the thousands of pictures he's sieved through.

Having moved mentally into the next year we were pulled back to November 1954 when Blair Fraser came in from Greenland and Pierre Berton from Baffin Island in the Arctic. We've had several people exploring various aspects of the Canadian north lately, and we plan to bring you their findings in one of our November issues. A full year's thought and planning will have gone into it when (or, perhaps we should say, if) it's complete.

In addition, we did some thinking about June in June for we were hard at work planning our June covers. Not this year's covers, of course—next year's.

No single issue of Maclean's, then, is the product of a sudden burst of energy, but of a long continuing process. Take this current issue, for example. The Costain series had its



genesis, if we recall rightly, three or four years ago. We happened to meet Costain at a cocktail party and he told us he was writing a history of French Canada. We said instantly we'd like to publish it. The manuscript was in our hands more than a year ago but we held up publication until we could get illustrations that do justice to the text. On the other hand, our leading article about the St. Lawrence Seaway had its genesis only a few weeks ago. The day the U. S. Congress ratified the seaway bill, Fred Bodsworth set to work. His manuscript was practically torn from his typewriter and rushed to our printing plant on north Yonge Street.

All of which explains, perhaps, why editors sometimes seem slightly confused. Around about now we ought to be thinking about Valentine's Day. Say, what year is this, anyway? ★



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Reg Dawe, Local Agents Division,
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YOU CAN'T faze a Westerner, male or female. The female we have in mind was a Moose Jaw woman who drove home late in a teeming rain wearing a short jacket that would be no protection at all for the billowing skirt of her best taffeta gown. She was so sure the dress would be ruined she even considered squirming out of it, leaving it in the car and making a dash for her door in jacket and slip, but there was a street lamp right in front of the house and someone might happen along. Just then someone did, a rain-soaked stranger whom she promptly accosted.

"Would you be so kind," she asked, "as to go into that house, turn left at the end of the hall, and bring me one of the long coats you will find hanging there?" Without a word he went into the house, down the hall, turned left, brought her a long coat he found hanging there and went on his way as though in Moose Jaw things like that happened every rainy night.

Hamilton police have been handing out silver dollars to drivers in a courtesy campaign, and one constable made an eager beeline for a driver who actually stopped his car and got out to help children cross the street. He was considerably redfaced when on closer inspection the courteous one turned out to be a civvy-clad sergeant in the police safety division, which had launched the program.

On a sunny June evening a Fort Garry woman passed a neighbor and his boy striding down the street side by side, wearing a couple of thunder-



cloud frowns. When she got to their house there was wife and mother staring dismally after them from the front door and shaking her head. "What a time I've had with them!" she sighed. "Tommy made such a fuss about the new tie I bought him. He wouldn't put it on—until at last Jim clouted him."

"Don't worry," her friend counseled. "They'll get over it. Where are they going, all dressed up?"

"The father and son banquet—and young Tommy's got to propose the toast to 'Our Dads.'"

This Calgary woman had such a time finding the dress she wanted—she must have tried on a dozen before she discovered the right one. And is if that weren't enough for a body to stand, when the clerk had put all the rejects back on the racks and went to get the selected garment wrapped, the skirt was missing. The staff turned the store upside down, the frustrated shopper left her address in case it turned up and could



be delivered later, and she even phoned back to the manager after she got home. But the skirt wasn't to be found anywhere, until the customer went to bed that night and discovered she had it on under the dress she'd worn shopping.

A Fredericton lumberman who's as trusting as other New Brunswickers—never locks his car door or worries about what he leaves lying on the seat—was considerably let down when a forty-ounce bottle of the finest Scotch whisky vanished from the driver's seat. In fact, he'd had it knocking about in the car so long he wasn't even sure when it disappeared. Some time later he gave his car a thorough house cleaning and there was the missing bottle carefully tucked under the seat. The seal was unbroken and to the neck had been tied a note, "I thought sumone might of took her."

Excitement reached a peak at a seven-year-old's birthday party in Edmonton with a rousing session of gumdrop gobble. The youngsters played it in pairs, holding hands to prevent cheating as they gobbled away at opposite ends of a short piece of string, the winner getting the gumdrop tied in the middle. But when the shouts of victory had died away one remaining pair were discovered still gobbling, gobbling, gobbling with mounting frustration and the gumdrop still dangling. They didn't have a front tooth between them.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



How many of these people need a doctor?

All of them!

Most of them are feeling fine and want to stay that way. And that's exactly why they need a doctor. For the surest way to *stay* healthy is to get in the habit of consulting a doctor regularly.

A prompt report to your doctor of any real change in your physical condition may allow him to halt a disease before it becomes serious. A regular medical check-up may detect some illness before you are aware of it.

And in treating and consulting with you through the years, your doctor builds valuable records on your physical assets and liabilities. He gets to know your emotional make-up. He can do more for you when he has an intimate understanding of you as a person.

Through your doctor you can take advantage of the vast resources of medical science and recent advances in treatment of many conditions.

Perhaps, at the moment, you don't have a family

physician. If not, start making inquiries *now*—don't wait for an emergency to force you into a frantic search for a doctor.

You may wish to consider several doctors before you pick the one who is "right" for you. Once you have made your selection, give him your complete confidence, as you would any other trusted member of your family circle. Remember, your doctor is the best "preventive medicine" your family can have.

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One of a series of messages on the importance of prompt and proper medical care, published by Parke, Davis & Company—makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists.

They warned us about the "Alaska Highway..."

says T. Y. Arseneau
of Beaverville, Illinois



"People who had made the long overland trip to Alaska called it a 'hazardous journey' and cautioned us to take along at least two sets of special heavy-duty tires! My wife and I settled for Atlas Grip-Safe Cushionaire Tires and the famous guarantee you get with them.



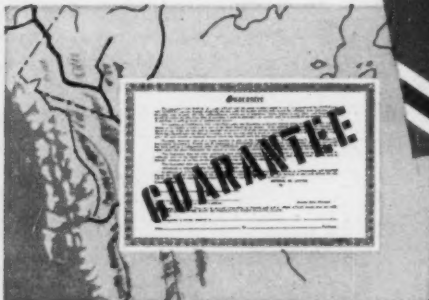
"In the wilds of Canada we found Atlas dealers ready and willing to back these tires without delay or quibbling.



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